

HEART SONGS



BY CAPPLEMAN

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HEART SONGS.



Yours Sincerely,
Louis Fouze Cappelman,

"HEART SONGS,"

BY

JOSIE FRAZEE CAPPLEMAN.



RICHMOND, VA.:
B. F. JOHNSON PUBLISHING Co.
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TO THE UNITED DAUGHTERS
OF THE
CONFEDERACY.

Herein I give of heart and mind
The sweeter, better part,
So like a 'loved friend, may you find
These poems of the heart.

PREFACE.

NOTHING is so frequently forgotten as the kindness and helpfulness of others; many readers of this little volume can recall the uplift that was given their youth-time ambition by the encouraging words of some faithful friend, who may now be "sleeping 'neath the silent sod," but whose kindly influence moves on forever.

In the days that knew no care, when my young mind first began to yearn for expression to these "HEART SONGS," there was one who led me into his magnificent library, and there, surrounded by the master-minds of all ages, he urged me to know them; and by his constant encouragement and sympathy awakened in me the strong desire for greater and higher knowledge.

To Col. J. R. McINTOSH, the friend of my childhood, is due much of whatever merit may be found in these verses.

It may be of further interest to my readers to know, that all that is pictured upon these pages is either true to life, or founded upon actual incidents.

JOSIE FRAZEE CAPPLEMAN.

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Heart Songs.

THE SONG OF THE HEART.

Come to me, O ye Muses,
Come from your soul-lit sphere;
Come from the dead and dying,
And comfort the living here!
Haste from your misty mansions,
Haste from the bliss above,
And sing to the earth and the earthly
The sweet, soothing song of love;
And brightest hopes bring
As softly you sing
The song of this sweet, soothing love.

'Tis a theme that's worn and wasted—
Wasted and worn from its wear—
Yet waft the words of its music
On the silent, night-wrapt air,
For, still there's life in its warping,
Life in its texture wrought—
Its smile, its touch, its soul-felt thrill,
And life in its every thought:
Then come with your song,
Nor wait ye so long
With sounds by the sighing are sought.

'Tis love soothes the soul of the sadden'd,
When earth seeks again mother-earth;
And love that doth govern and guide us
Through the tumults of time from our birth:
Then smile on its soul-melting music,
How lonely we never can know;
For lonely would life be without it—
How lonely we never can know:
Then, laugh not at love,
That boon from above
That brightens this world-waste of woe.

'Tis love quivers through all my being
And lightens and lulls it to rest;
A heaven of bliss and of brightness
Is warmed and awak'd in my breast,
Till I long to leap into star-realms
And pour forth a passionate part,
But the soul's too high, and the earth too low,
So mine is the song of the heart:
With a wild, wayward will,
That nothing can still
I sing you this song of the heart.

A HEART SONG.

'Tis said every heart has its counterpart,
That every mind has its mate,
That every soul where the blue clouds roll
Is linked, when 'tis formed, to its fate.

So some hearts shall meet at the earth's green feet
And some on the surging sea;
Yet others there are from their fates so far
That the union can never be,
Till the dying day has borne them away
To the rest that is boundless bliss,
And there is enwrought the bond that they sought
In vain thro' their earth-course to kiss.

DESTINY.

Sometimes two lives that have lived apart
Will strangely touch on some summer day;
Then, after a time, again diverge,
Each going its sorrowful, self-same way.

Sometimes two hearts, first together tuned,
And making of life one sweet love-song,
Are harshly hushed by a changeless fate,
And ever apart must drift along.

Perchance it may prove in that great "Sometime,"
That all the wretched will righted be;
And why all these tanglesome threads of life,
Then, ah, then, will we clearly see.

MABEL MASON.

High and heavy rose the waters
Of Lake Erie, wild and wide,
As the Lighthouse-keeper's daughter
Gazed upon the troubled tide—

Gazed far out upon the sobbing,
Surging, swelling, seething sea,
Wond'ring if a well-known fish-boat
'Mong the billows then could be.

For, upon that sun-bright morning—
Ere the storm began to brew—
He, whose heart to hers was plighted,
Made one of a fishing crew;
And he whisper'd, as he left her—
Happy, hopeful as could be—
“ Mabel, darling, wish me lucky,
And at night-fall look for me ! ”

Ghostly eve was gath'ring o'er them,
Nor the boat was yet in sight,
While the waters raged and roared
'Gainst the bulwarks of the night—
Raged until the strongest-hearted,
'Mong the sturdy and the bold,
E'en began to quail and quiver
And their hands to helpless hold.

Close upon the craggy lake-shore
Stood a rough-clad, motley crew,
And among them, Mabel Mason
Waiting, wond'ring what to do;
Slow her heart and hope were sinking,
When, an object came in view,
Out upon the madden'd waters
Strove a form too well she knew.

Save him! save him! cried the maiden,
As she saw him wildly wave,
O ye stout and sturdy seamen,
Save him from a storm-tossed grave!
But their dying hopes were heighten'd—
O'er the danger broke some light;
For within the darken'd distance
Hove a steamer, strong, in sight.

On she sped in sweeping swiftness,
Plunging, plowing thro' the blast,
Nearer to the struggling fish'man
As his strength was ebbing fast:
On she tossed; but never heeded—
God of pity, rose the cry,

Could their eyes aright have served them?
Yea! that steamer passed him by,
Curses on ye paltry-hearted!
Curses on ye craven crew!
May your lives be blacken'd and blighted,
For this deed you've dared to do!

“ Save him! save him! ” shrieked the maiden,
“ Plunge ye brave ones in the sea,
And the God of all will help you;
Save him for the sake of me! ”
But those weather-beaten boatmen
Stood, nor stirred the strong and brave;
As they muttered—“ Mabel Mason,
Naught on earth yon soul can save.”

Straight she turned her eyes to heaven—
Eyes so true and full of trust,
Saying firmly, “ I will help him—
God have mercy—for I must.”
And, before a hand could stay her,
Or a warning voice could save—
Crying, “ farewell ” to her father—
Leaped she out upon the wave.

E'en those hearts so rude and rugged
At that daring act stood still,
Turning in appeal to heaven
With one thought and with one will;
And that horror-stricken father,
Staring with abated breath,
Every nerve strained to its tension,
Cried, “ O God, save them from death ! ”

Courage! brave, heroic Mabel,
Strong and brave from boundless love,
See! she nobly strives and struggles—
Love 'gainst Death will dauntless prove.
In a moment more she reached him,
Seized his sinking, senseless form,
As the white-caps hissed, and hurled them,
In the whirlpool of the storm.

With the strength of desperation
Up his burden'd form she bore,
Fought her way thro' breaking billows
Till she reached the rocky shore;

Then, with look of Love triumphant,
Laid him at her father's feet ;
While a hundred hands went outward,
Mabel Mason's hand to meet.

* * * * *

Weeks have folded in Lake Erie
Since that deathless deed was done,
And to-day the sun is shining
On two lives anew begun :
One, a manly heart once warring
With the angry Erie's tide,
And the brave-souled Mabel Mason—
Now his gentle, joyous bride.

THE EMPIRE OF ART.

We hear of Art the world's warm praise,
Till genius seems to burn and blaze
In every land ; from every soul
To loom, and light, and radiant roll.

And gems untold e'er glint and glow
From skies above, from souls below,
Till Art brings forth a brilliant scene,
With scarce a shadow in between.

True painting, sculpture, poetry
Doth each enchant in high degree,
Till one is lost in wild delights
'Mid Empire Art's celestial sights.

OUR SOUTHERN GIRL.

Greeting! Daughters of the Southland,
'Tis a plea to you I bring;
From the fullness of my feelings,
Of our Southern girl I sing;
From the realm of truth and glory,
With their rich and radiant flowers,
A wreath I'd cull, and crown her—
This Southern girl of ours.

Waken, soul! and let me paint her—
Paint her picture with my pen,
Even as I sometimes see her
In the mazy walks of men.
'Tis a face all pink and dimpled,
A cameo set in curls,
With eyes the brightest, shyest—
One of our Southern girls.

She's a well-poised, queenly creature
As she moves to tune and time,
And graceful as the lily
Of her own soft, sun-kissed clime;
With an air half pride, half pathos;
A voice like brooklet's prul;
With ways that haunt and hold one—
Our gracious Southern girl.

Hers a heart as pure as star gleams,
And fresh as heavenly flowers
Whose fragrant, pearly petals
Mark the ages, not the hours ;
'Tis a heart sweet-tuned, responsive—
A heart that throbs and thrills
With the tenderest emotions
That a Southern bosom fills.

Hers the mind for plan and action,
Hers the will to dare and do,
Hers the courage of conviction,
Hers the soul of all that's true.
On the page of art and science
Her bright-winged thoughts unfurl,
Keeping mental pace with masters—
Our brainy Southern girl.

Duty calls and soft she cometh—
Not, O men! to take your place ;
Not unmaidenly and mannish
Would our girl with you keep pace,
Not her wish to rule or rob you,
Not one right to take away ;
But she needs to work as men do,
And, as men, to win her pay.

Hers a sire ye loved and honored,
As ye battled side by side ;
Brave was he, and kind and courtly,
With the high-born Southron's pride

And to-day his proud-souled daughter
Trusts to you—her father's friend—
For the same chivalric honor
Ye gave him to the end.

Then, O help her, noble Southron!
Ye of God's best men!
Come, help her with your wisdom,
And help her with your pen;
And perchance some wintry morning,
When your hopes lie dumb and dead,
When your life seems all reverses,
She'll give to you instead.

Oh, then aid her in her efforts!
Ward off the rude and rough,
And kindly smooth and soften—
The road is hard enough.
In the shop, the store, the office,
The printing-room's mad whirl,
Stand by and guide and guard her,
Our brave-souled Southern girl.

God bless her proud endeavor
To do a strong man's part,
To work her hard way upward—
God bless her plucky heart!
We fondly watched her footsteps
Through all life's busy whirl,
And ever pray, "God bless her"—
Our own sweet Southern girl.



WHERE DO THE KISSES GROW?

WHERE DO THE KISSES GROW?

They leap from the soul of a baby
And then all over it spread,
From the white and pink of the toe-tips
To the halo of gold on its head;
From the depths of its dainty dimples,
From the roseate, laughter-turned lips,
From the soft, shapely neck and shoulders
To the tapering finger-tips.

They're hidden within every heart-fold,
And cuddled down close to the core,
And tho' they are evermore gathered,
Still, I find there a thousand-fold more;
And each one seems softer and sweeter
Than the one I found just before,
Till I wonder if ever the sweetest
Is taken from baby's vast store.

So daily I search for and seize them,
And hourly I pluck a new prize,
Sometimes from the whitest of foreheads,
Sometimes from the brightest of eyes;
Of all the rare sweets sent from heaven,
These kisses, to me, are most sweet,
A blessing they bring to my being
As the holiest emotions there meet.

And I whisper—O angel-kissed baby,
Do you feel—can you ever quite know
Of the wondrous worth of these kisses
That ever continue to grow?
Of the wearisome woes that they soften,
Of the heart-cares they curtain from sight,
Of their magic that soars thro' the sunshine
And on thro' the knells of the night?

I hold that we're higher and better
For every fresh kiss that we take,
For every fond love-token given—
When given for sacred love's sake;
For, if purity's planted in Earthdom,
Then surely it springs from the soul
Of that beautiful, angel-like being
As its life-page begins to unroll.

Then I'll gather them early and often,
From the bright, curly head to the toe,
I can't rob the wee tot of its treasures,
For still they continue to grow.
And in long after years fondest memory
E'en backward forever will flow
To that bonny-eyed babe of the by-gone,
Whose kisses no longer may grow.

BABY-KISSES.

How I long for them when I've been away
From my little one the live-long day;
How I wistfully wait, ah! none can know,
Save those who are glad in motherhood's glow.

I dream of them thro' the night's still hours,
They are culled with the sweets of dreamland's flowers,
And when I awake, in the morn's fresh bliss,
The first thing I seek is a baby-kiss.

And when I have done with the toil and care,
That each day must bring to a mother's share,
I find there is náught that can rest me more
Than a dainty kiss from my baby's store.

And again when the vee, with her dusky charms,
Bide me lay down my babe from my mother-arms,
I press a fond kiss on my darling's lips
And envy the angels their night-sweetness sips.

There are many fair things in this life to love—
There are sweets from the earth and sweets from above—
I have tasted of all; but my heart whispers this:
There is nothing so sweet as a baby-kiss.

BABY.

Bright eyes! They're baby's eyes,
Illumined with heaven's own light;
They seem to tell of sun-lit skies,
Of star-land broad and bright.

Sweep lips! They're baby's lips,
Just smiling for a kiss;
Not e'en the sweets the hum-bird sips
Are half so sweet as this.

Fair face! 'Tis baby's face,
All fresh and pure from Heaven;
Oh! was there ever such a face
To other mortal given?

Wee hands! They're baby's hands,
So dainty and so dear;
O baby hands, a strong heart's bands
Are twined about you here.

Wee feet! They're baby's feet—
Pink, dimpled, soft and small;
Within my hands they lightly meet—
My little life! My all!

Yet this is just one baby-life—
One shrine of worship here—
How many millions more
Some other hearts hold dear!



OUR BABY GEORGE.

OUR BABY GEORGE.

A little form, a baby wee,
Stands loving by my side,
His curly head, just to my knee,
Beneath my hand I hide.

His dark brown eyes look up in mine
With playful, pleading gaze
The while he tries my thoughts to charm
With all his cunning ways.

His little mouth is puckered up
Just ready for a kiss,
And then he says : “ Mamma, bye-bye ! ”
In all his baby bliss.

I stoop and clasp the curly head,
The proffered mouth to mine,
And wonder if there ever was
A baby more divine!

He is my love, my light, my life—
An angel in my eyes ;
I wonder if a brighter babe
Dwells e'en in Paradise?

THE NEW SOUTH WOMANHOOD.

A type is she of womanhood,
Of Southern woman fair and good
 And gentle dignity ;
A manner full of grace and ease,
And pretty woman-ways that please,
 In sweet simplicity.

A heart with constancy a-tune,
And touched all tenderly so soon
 As pity makes its plaint ;
A hand that softly doth enclose
The worn and weary in their woes,
 And firm lives makes of faint.

A character that naught can quail—
That's strong and brave where these avail,
 In judgment, kind and just ;
Whose life, as daily it unrolls,
Bespeaks one of these peerless souls
 In whom all hearts may trust.

The world's proud deeds within the past,
The marked events that follow fast
 For her are frequent food ;
Refinement, culture, are her share,
And honored is she everywhere—
 This New South womanhood.

For such is Southern womanhood
That's fresh and fair and pure and good,
That's strangely old, yet new ;
Such is, in truth, a type to-day
That's with us, and will be always,
So long as truth is true.

CROWN WINNERS.

There's one, I know, of fairest mien,
Of rarest make and mold,
Whose every thought
Hath sweetness wrought
Within the faintest fold.

For all mankind—the great, the strong—
A kind heart-feeling flows ;
But ever to
The weakling few
Her sympathy outgoes.

To such as doomed to dull neglect,
Such of unknown degree,
Prey of distress
And loneliness—
To such turns quickly she,

With just a word of kind intent,
Sometimes a rare, sweet smile,
Sometimes a flower
Whose dainty dower
Will some grief-hour beguile.

So runs her life—in dear, sweet deeds
For some ill-fortuned's sake,
And day by day—
Go where she may—
Joy follows in her wake.

How great, how near divine, the good
In such a life abounds!
And so it seems
In my best dreams
Such souls will win the crowns.

JUST FORTY YEARS AGO.

R. N. N.

Just forty years ago and I
First stood upon the brink
Of life's great deep, tumultuous sea
And learned to be and think;
I smiled upon the wondrous world,
And yearned to catch its glow;
And this was on a fresh May morn—
Just forty years ago.

To-day the gilding and the gloss
Have fallen from the years,
And all the dark, decaying dross
In ghastly plight appears.

Time has not proven youth's fair dream,
Nor life the glittering show
As once it promised unto me—
Just forty years ago.

To-day I stand—not where I stood,
When Time, for me began ;
But where the roughest billows rock
Against the brain of man,
Where every well-meant effort meets
A cruel blast and blow.—
O life, again to be aback
Just forty years ago !

Still, let me stop a space and think :—
Is nothing left to me ?
Is there no happy, heart-touched crest
Upon life's restless sea ?
'Twere most ungrateful to forget
The only joy I know ;
The best is not all dated back—
Just forty years ago.

One radiant ray shines o'er my heart,
A woman's love and light,
And, thro' the burden of my years,
Burns, clear, and fresh, and bright.
And learning thus the first, best love
That falls to man below,
I would not be where once I was—
Just forty years ago.

I e'en would live this life anew—
Above its petty part—
In silence cast its cares aside
For her who fills my heart.
And when the final summons comes
To leave this world of woe,
I trust to stand, as once I stood—
Just forty years ago.

WHAT SHOULD A WOMAN BE?

We would have her gracious and gentle,
With kindness to walk side by side
With sympathy's smile for the sunny,
With sympathy's tear for the tried.

We would have her tender and truthful;
A voice with sincerity's sound,
And, above every act of her earth-life,
These virtues to ever abound.

With the air of the earnest and thoughtful,
Which can merge into merrier moods
And win with her warmth and her wisdom,
All persons her presence includes.

With a spark of the fire of the fearless,
That can frankly and firmly defend
The right in its hour of oppression,
And steadily stand by a friend.

With a conscience so carefully cultured,
And of such a delicate mold,
That naught of a double-tainted nature
This crystalline chalice could hold.

We would have her womanly, always,
With th' coyness that close to her clings;
For to be a womanly woman,
Is the crown of all womanly things.

We would wish her fervent and faithful,
Faithful and fond to the end;
And, strange tho' it seem, I have found these,
Aye, all of these—in a friend.

ODE TO A HICKORY TREE.

In the sunny clime of Southland,
(Where the "darkies" now are free)
In a great, old-fashioned farm-yard,
Is a treasured Hickory tree;
And the reason that we say it,
And why its praises sing,
Is a short and simple story
That begins with budding spring.

For, as soon as all its branches
Are clothed in leaflets green,
The old folks and the children
Beneath that tree are seen;

And from the early morning
Till the closing in of night—
Thro' the longest days of summer—
The family there delight.

The children take their play-things,
The old-folks take their books,
Their papers, and their sewing
And seek the shady nooks;
Then there's many a pleasant pastime,
And many a happy smile
That mingle with the moments
And the busy hours beguile.

There are thoughts and words and actions
That have pleased—perchance have pained—
That will live, and linger with us,
When the summer days have waned;
There are idle freaks and fancies,
And thoughts of graver kind,
There are dreamy, mystic musings
That entrance both heart and mind.

There's a voice, apart from others,
That has thrilled us thro' and thro',
And upon its sounds we linger,
As the truest of the true;
There's a face that oft has brightened
Some of the longest days
And memory marks its presence
As the summer's fondest phase.

So the scars upon that Hickory
And its branches thick and wide
Are filled with recollections
Closely clustered side by side ;
And, as the evening shadows
In dark array descend,
'Tis with regretful feelings
Our way we houseward wend.

So we tell our little story,
Which is true, as true can be,
And we'll love and laud forever
That dear old Hickory Tree.

LIFE.

This life is but a checkered span
Of days, and months and years,
And some are stamped with sweetest joys,
While some are stained with tears.

But do not think the grief is more,
And that the joys are few ;
For, when the worth of each is weighed,
The best will be for you.

Then, look ye all beyond the gloom
Where ever shines the sun,
And Hope and Love will lighten life
Till joy immortal's won.

A PLEA.

I have watched the children playing
 With their countless odds and ends,
Such as children glean together
 In their mystic little dens ;
I have watched their mute emotions,
 Ever changing with the hours,
And find they have their heartaches
 The same as we have ours.

I have seen their frightened faces
 When a glorious Golden-hair,
From out the dolly kingdom
 Has died and gone back there ;
I have heard their sighs and heart-sobs
 When they realized the blow :—
Then isn't dolly's death to them
 Just as a mother's woe ?

Yet we smile upon their folly,
 Or chide them for their grief,
Little thinking of their anguish—
 That their feelings need relief ;
Never heeding, never halting
 To reck that childhood's heart,
Of all that's good in nature,
 Is the best, the purest part.

But can you not remember,
 In the days of long ago,
Of just such crushing sorrow
 As these little darlings know ?

And for days and days together,
Have mourned some thing of play
And wondered that your elders
Should not your grief allay.

Do you think because it's childhood
And childhood's heart is light,
That these ceaseless little crosses
Cannot their beings blight?
Oh! hear that soulful sobbing,
And see those tearful showers!
Ah! children have their heartaches
The same as we have ours.

Then soothe that childish sorrow,
And smooth the throbbing head,
E'en as tho' it were a mother
When mourning o'er her dead
And the little heart will thank you
In the years that are to be—
Aye, remember that the children
Have heartaches just as we.

A THOUGHT.

The years forever come and go
Without our least volition,
The summer's sun, the winter's snow,
Comes on its rightful mission;

All nature passes ever on
With changes strange and stranger,
While man, alone, of all that's done,
Feels any dread or danger.

To him each rapid-rolling year
Is much of Time's great measure,
And marked sometimes by bitter tear,
And, sometimes, by sweet pleasure;
But each sun brings the solemn thought
That grows and grows still graver;
This life is leading on to naught,
Or, nearer in God's favor.

Then, is there need of any aim,
Or any vast endeavor,
That adds not to our Future fame,
Or fits us for the Ever?
Each year there's much to be undone,
And much to be forgiven;
But, still we trust the years—each one—
Will leave us nearer Heaven.

DEATH AND DAWN.

List! the midnight strokes are pealing,
O'er the slumbering senses stealing,
Rousing every dreamy feeling
By the truth their tones unfold;

Faint these tones fall on the kneeling,
All their mournful woes revealing,
While in gloom, the grave they're sealing
Of the year that now is old.

Hark! the midnight chimes are ringing,
Joyous hours anew are bringing,
Happy voices soft are singing
To the New Year's silent tread;
Hearts to new-found hopes are clinging,
Time his onward course is winging
And his scythe is shrilly ringing—
For the year that now is Dead.

Strokes and chimes are vainly vying,
As the moments swift are flying;
Tolling for the cycle dying,
Ringing for the fair one's dawn;
Hour on hour the New is nighing
While the Old is lowly lying,
And the wind is sadly sighing
For the Year forever gone.

FAMILIAR FACES.

Did you ever know the feeling, after being far away
From the circle of your child-life for many a wintry day,
When the old, time-honored places softly, slowly merged in
view,
And the memories of the by-gone arose all fresh and new?

Oh, the thrilling of the pulses and the throbbing of the heart
As the dear, familiar faces before the vision start!
There's a silent, soulful welcome at the pressure of each
 hand,
And a casting off of care-thoughts amidst the smiling band.

And with each face arises some picture, fresh and fair,
Some hour of peaceful pleasure, some half-forgotten air
That steals upon the heart-strings with tender, twofold
 grace,
Till fresh life, and hope, and fancy is renewed from every
 face!

Yet, scarcely without knowing, the joyous feelings fade,
And the sunshine of the meeting seems merging into shade:
For we mark the many changes the days and years have
 wrought—
Here care has touched a furrow, there fancy turned to
 thought.

And we say, "O, great Time Wonder, can it ever truly be
That these kind, familiar faces will pass away from me?
That some day, when wending homeward, with a light and
 happy air,
They will say, 'Your dearest heart-mates are now no longer
 there?'"

Will strange faces stare upon us where the old were wont
 to beam?
All that we hold as sacred be but a soulless dream?
But we turn away in tremor, as sorrow dims our sight,
And wail, "Oh, woe-thoughts vanish! Avaunt, ye shades
 of night!"

Let the future hold the future—we will our fate abide :
Oh, leave us with our loved ones—the faithful, true and
tried :

So lovingly we linger, with the dreams of to-day.
And the fond, familiar faces that brightly bless our stay.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

We welcome you, O, Christmas old,
With all your strange-wrought store,
And, tho' your greetings are untold,
We'll greet you one time more.
And know—you find a happy heart
'Neath each familiar face,
And that your coming is a part
Of every home-like place.

And know—each little girl and boy—
And e'en the babies, too—
Have looked with longing and with joy,
Old Christmas, dear, for you.
And now that you are come at last,
And brightest pleasures bring,
We hide our heartaches in the past
And with the gayest sing.

We look on every side, and see
The happy, glad and gay ;
There, gathered 'round a Christmas tree ;
And here, at childish play ;

With tokens there of right good will,
And here of peace and love,
Till Hope seems every heart to fill
With bliss from realms above.

And, while we meet in happy bands,
Should we forget the poor
Who live on life's deserted strands,
And beg from door to door?
Who never knew earth's kind caress,
Naught but her sobs and sighs,
And feel that in forgetfulness
Their only comfort lies.

Then, O ye friends of poverty,
And ye, who scorn the poor,
Be merciful, we beg of thee,
To those without your door ;
And give from out your cosy nooks
To those of many trials,
And change their heartless, hopeless looks
To grateful, gladsome smiles.

And then your Christmas tree will be—
As it was first begun—
A peaceful, merry-making time,
With weal for every one.
A loving link between the years—
A loving link that ties
Two lives—one of earth's trials and tears,
And one—of Paradise!

AT SUNSET.

The green and the gold were commingled,
As daylight was dropping to sleep,
And the moon, from her curtain of azure,
Was just beginning to peep.

I sighed; for my hopes were all fading,
As faded the hues of the day,
And I felt my golden-crowned fancies
Were rapidly ebbing away.

As glided the pomp and the purple
Away from the wings of the West,
I felt all the gladness was gliding
Far out from my love-laden breast.

And I cried: Hope buildeth a castle
And crowns it with glitter and gold,
Then leadeth us on to the fancy
That Happiness lies in its hold;

Till we rush, in the blind of the splendor,
To gather of fortunes so fair
When truth, in our triumph betrays us,
And mockingly whispers—"Not there."

Were you ever, O reader, just ready
To clasp a loved object to heart,
Yet ere you could vent your emotion,
Fate forced you completely apart?

One word—and the warp of the Future
Is wholly and hastily changed;
One smile—and the woof is unwoven,
And the Past from the Present estranged.

One look—and the love of a lifetime
Is gone, ever gone from our grasp,
And thro' the long years that may follow,
Can never come back to our clasp.

So with love—so with life—'tis all empty,
As empty as summer's soft sigh,
And changeful as hues of the sunset,
That dazzle a moment—then die.

THE FEAST OF ROSES.

I stepp'd from the earth into Eden,
An Eden of beauty and bloom,
That was laden and lighted with roses
In all their delicious perfume.
There were snow-white and pearl-white and creamy,
Canary and yellow and gold,
And luscious pink shaded to crimson,
Great red ones just ripe to unfold.

There were shades from each cloud of the sunset,
And tints that were countless as time,
All glowing and gleaming together
And touched by a halo sublime.

'Twas a picture to gladden and gloat on—
A picture to hold one enchain'd,
And I linger'd and look'd on its splendors
Till the last of the west-light had waned.

O roses, the lilies must love you,
And you must love them, as we know,
But lily and lilac and jasmine
Grow faint in the heat of your glow ;
And now I have pluck'd you, O roses,
And closely, and tenderly twine
Your tendrils about all my heart-strings,
And know that your beauty's all mine.

And I would that I thus could hold always
Fresh roses pressed unto my heart,
Let their brightness pass into my being—
To life lend a beautiful part ;
For I feel that the light from the flower-world
Has a harmony all of its own,
That is graciously given to gladden
The souls that e'er silently moan.

Then linger, O rest-giving roses,
And breathe on my tired, aching brow,
And lighten this load on my heart-strings,
That's never been lighter till now ;
And I'll chant your fond praises forever,
And bless you again and again,
For your sympathy sweet, tho' unspoken,
That has driven away all the pain.

WAITING.

Waiting—and waiting—and waiting—
What a lonely word is await!
'Tis the herald of many a heart-break,
'Tis the soul-sob of many a fate.

I have learned its measureless meaning,
I have learned its sorrowful sound
From hearing it over and over,
As the hour-wheels go on around.

There's an aching deep in the heart-depths,
There's an anguish ne'er can be known;
For the bitterest tears of a lifetime
Are shed in the silence alone.

And over and over is echoed
The sorrowful, sad refrain;
“ You're waiting—and waiting—and waiting—
Yet ever you're waiting in vain.”

O, why should the soul cry in sorrow,
And why should the heart almost break
Because of the love of one being,
And for only one being's sake?

'Tis strange that the world is all darkened
If the light of that love fails to beam;
'Tis strange that we mortals are mastered
Forever, by one life supreme.

Yet waiting—and waiting—and waiting—
The plaintive soul echoes repeat,
'Till the heart is a-weary of waiting—
And ceases to bear and to beat.

CHILDHOOD'S LAUGH.

You may talk of the beautiful songsters that sing
Thro' the soft hours of summer, and the bright days of
spring ;
But there's nothing so sweet to my hearing, by half,
As nature's own music in childhood's light laugh.

I sometimes have felt in the gloomiest mood,
And over my sorrows would bother and brood,
And just as I thought to give way to despair
A ripple of laughter broke forth on the air.

The laugh is contagious—the sweet little elf—
And, before I quite know it am laughing myself ;
This, the golden elixir of gladness, we quaff ;
For there's nothing so merry as childhood's light laugh.

And the gloom has all vanished in vapor and mist,
As the clouds by the sunshine when suddenly kissed,
And I listen as one who of Heaven feels half,
To the rippling music of childhood's light laugh.

O, friends, have not you felt the same glad effect,
When the trials of the household have happiness wrecked?

When the day-griefs kept growing and seemed you were
where
Your burdens were greater than you could well bear?

There's a charm in this child laugh that's known by no word,
There's a faith-giving feeling from stillness is stirred,
New life seems to enter where Hope had just died,
And Content comes unbidden to be and abide;
Our house-cares are softened, our heart-cares just half;
For there's nothing so cheering as childhood's light laugh.

A PICTURE OF THE PAST.

Slowly the raindrops are damping—
Damping the deep, sombre dust,
And slowly a sweet, solemn picture
Looms out of its frame work of rust.
Ah! long has it silently slumbered,
Long in a heart's recess lain,
Yet now it comes forth in its freshness
At the sound of the summer rain.

'Tis mantled with mattings of ivy,
'Tis shaded and sheltered by pines,
'Tis circled by wild-waving flowerets,
And the sunlight of love it enshrines.
A cozy, white cot in the wild-wood,
Away in a sweet, Southern dell,
'Mid the musical murmur of waters—
This the scene of the picture I tell.

And the lines of that picture still deepen,
Still broader and brighter they grow,
As, again in the heart of my child-home,
I dream in the sunset's faint glow,
And listen, as voices of loved ones
Are chanting the dirge of the day,
Till the sweet, sad strains of the music
Seem stealing my senses away.

And I see the bright circle unbroken—
All linked as together it grew—
And I feel the fair walls of that cottage
Hold all that I ever held true;
The hearts that with mine ever throbbing,
The forms most sacred and dear,
The faces so fond and familiar
In the picture are all living here.

Their eyes unto mine softly speaking,
A sweet thrill of pleasure I feel—
As, in the blest days of the by-gone,
When all of this pleasure was real.
But, one after one, they have left me—
As roses they wither and go—
For, one after one, still they leave me
To the chills of a winter of woe.

So the picture grows fainter and fainter,
The breezes are dying away,
And my soul wakes up to its sorrow
And wearily sighs at its stay.

So waiting and longing and looking
The Past chants a low refrain,
While slowly the faces are passing,
As passes the sound of the rain.

All are gone; yet lonely I languish,
And wail in my heart-broken pain,
Oh! in that strange future before us
Will the loved and the lost meet again?

SOUL COMMUNION.

Far away in the West is a loved one
Whose spirit, my spirit, controls;
Yet, the only communion between us
Is the silent communion of souls.

And that strangely intangible *something*
That is felt, but is never explained—
Swiftly bridges the distance between us
And holds us forever enchained.

It seemeth at times we're together,
Or, *almost* together it seems;
But I find, when I waken and wonder,
We are only together in dreams.

Yet, into this rapturous dream-land,
Where reigneth the soul-life supreme,
Our conflicts and cares are unburdened
And lost in Oblivion's stream.

And heart unto heart seemeth throbbing,
And thought softly echoeth thought
Till, in the deep hush of th' heart-realm
Our souls in communion are brought.

And this the lone secret of loving,
That's hidden for many a day;—
When beings are once truly wedded,
They're wedded forever and aye.

They meet, and their lives merge together
In sacred and tenderest trust,
And th' feeling grows stronger and deeper
Till both are commingled in dust.

And, in that most holy Hereafter,
Where th' tide of Eternity rolls,
There'll be a vast meeting of heart-mates
And a ceaseless communion of souls.

WOMAN.

What fills the heart with purest joy?
What life's dark hours beguile,
And all our griefs and groans alloy?
'Tis woman's tender smile.

What calms the dying felon's fears?
What soothes his heart's quick beat
And floods his soul with hopeful tears?
'Tis woman's accents sweet.

What, tho' perchance she sometimes err,
Some hearts with sorrow fill;
Yet, gems that are or gems that were,
A woman's purest still.

THE ANGEL OF THE GRAY.

(Read at the Winnie Davis Memorial of the U. D. C.)

We meet to mourn the missing one
Who's crossed the mystic way,
And sleeps beside her chieftain sire—
The Daughter of the Gray.

We grieve for her so early gone—
Light of our Southern land,
The idol of each soldier heart,
Queen of each veteran band.

A mind was hers of spotless mould,
A heart e'er true and warm,
And every grace of womanhood
Met in her peerless form.

A father's comfort through his cares,
A mother's steadfast stay,
A loyal daughter of the Cause,
And each Confederate Gray.



THE ANGEL OF THE GRAY.

Copy of the Monument to Miss Winnie Davis in Hollywood Cemetery,
Richmond, Va.

Strange! that a life by all beloved
So soon should fade away;
But such was God's mysterious will—
O Angel, of the Gray.

We mourn this scion of the South,
As none but Southrons mourn;
Yet something whispers, from above—
All losses may be borne.

And long as throbs a woman's heart,
And long as manhood reigns,
O Angel! of the sorrowed South,
Thy memory there remains.

For still thy countless Christlike deeds
Will lume the darkest day
And cheer each saddened Southern soul—
O Angel of the Gray!

THE SONG OF THE FALLING LEAVES.

We sing you a song, said the Leaflets,
Aglow with their crimson and gold,
We swirl and we sing,
As the birdlings awing,
And we sing and we sing
As we fall to our rustling fold.

We sing of the great Heart of Nature
That keepeth a corner for all ;
For the least little leaf
When given to grief
Finds relief, O relief
In that mother-heart open to all.

We sing of the great Soul of Nature
Who turns where the tiniest lie,
And watcheth their ways
Thro' the disk of their days ;
So we praise, O we praise,
With our whole little hearts, O ye High.

We sing of the great Law of Nature—
The fairest and firmest must fade—
That here, as we rest
On our mother-earth's breast
It is best, O 'tis best
That together at last all are laid.

Still singing the leaves of September
Aglow with the gleams of the West ;
And O, if mankind,
With his masterful mind,
Such sweet faith could find,
He, too, would believe—all is best.

THE STRONGEST BOND OF ALL.

'Tis not the cut of the critic,
Nor curse of the coward knave,
Nor thrust of the soul-assassin,
That conquers the strong and brave ;
'Tis not the goad of aggression
That sways and subdues the rude—
Abusive speech
Ne'er yet did reach
The heart of the multitude.

'Tis not the clashing of storm-clouds
That opes the sweets of the flower,
But the silent strength of the sunbeam
That blossoms, in wealth, the bower ;
The fervor and force of true manhood
Will make the many to quail,
And sympathy
Of great degree
Will win, where fury will fail.

Of ties, whether self-sought or social,
Between man and his fellow-man,
Those born of the heart's best feeling
Are the only to count on we can ;
And of binding and breakless bondage
That holds, tho' we rise or fall—
That wisely wove
By hands of love
Is the strongest bond of all.

THE GIFT OF MISTLETOE.

Thro' its leaves all green and gleaming,
Thro' its waxen white,
Thro' its mingled mass of branches
Illumined with lasting light,
From the wildish woodland odor,
From the twist of twining vine,
Thro' every thought—
It silent brought—
Your nature spoke to mine.

Thro' the wealth of golden wishes
That 'round it were entwined
Thro' the fervor of the friendship
That in it lay enshrined,
Thro' every twig and tendril
That responsive chords awoke
And set aglow
The heart's faint flow—
To mine your nature spoke.

So that gift with gladness gleaming—
Bright phantasy of Fate—
Brought the rarer hope and heart-joy
That aid and elevate ;
And thro' each branch and berry,
That breathed of life divine,
In sweetest word
That soul e'er stirred,
Your nature spoke to mine.

LA FRANCE ROSES.

TO N. E.

Only a handful of flowers,
Only some roses rare,
Only a thought
From a friend they brought,
Yet healing for hurts was there.

Only some petals of pink
Flushed with the love of morn,
Yet they came in my need
And planted the seed
Of flowers, in place of a thorn.

Bore they a sweet woman-wish,
Wore they a sweet woman-touch,
How little to some
These messengers dumb,
And yet, oh, to me, how much!

O, heed to the little glad rose,
O, heed to the hope-empty hearts;
For the small, to one,
Is another's sun,
And light all the day imparts.

THE TRAMPLED ROSE.

It lay with its little face downward,
A-weeping just like a hurt child;
 O, poor little rose,
 O, pretty pink rose,
Come, tell me your sorrow so wild.

I picked up the pink bit of blossom
And held it quite close to my heart,
 For oh! its distress
 Bore a human likeness,
And comfort I plead to impart.

Aye, some one had trampled and trod it,
 Just as methought had been done,
 So, poor little thing,
 It wept from the sting
Of the step of the carless one.

O, pitiful, pinched little rose-face,
 So beauteous, helpless and bowed,
 You were worn to-day
 Then, oh!—cast away
And crushed by the cruel crowd.

Right tenderly then I caressed it,
 As gave back it priceless perfume;
 Ah! woeful, wee rose,
 O, tear-bedewed rose,
You discover humanity's doom.

'Tis the pleasure of some to crush heart lives,
To trample wherever they tread ;
 So, poor little rose,
 O, little limp rose,
You're but one of the trampled dead.

CONSIDER !

She sat in her own little corner,
A-working there, day after day,
For the dear ones, all hungry and helpless
 But for her—their stronghold and stay,
And fast flew her hands, and still faster—
 Compelled by a love great and true—
 As though if they flew
 The creeping night through
They never enough, quite, could do.

So watched I the toiling, tired fingers,
And looked in the deep, tender eyes,
And probed to the heart of the plodder,
 And read there— a heart's sacrifice.
Then methought, this is one of God's martyrs,
 Who is known, yet is wholly unknown.
 It is known of her deeds,
 But not of her needs,
Nor the heart-struggles fought out alone.

And methought of the brave little women
Who shoulder far more than their share,
And how few of our light-hearted worldlings
Have for them a thought or a care ;
And how needless are some of the burdens
That daily they're called on to bear.
So you, who would heap up their heart-load,
O, give them a blessing instead,
And give them the best
Of your own cheerfulness—
Consider—the winners of bread.

THE PLENTITUDE OF TIME.

I read of strangest stories
Vast centuries ago,
And ponder, while perusing,
If all that's said is so ;
If dauntless deeds of valor,
If miracles of mind,
If endless charmed achievements
Were wondrous—as we find.

And the novel in my nature,
And the love of mystic lore,
The ready, inborn reverence
For aught that's lived before,
Call to me to accept them
As rare reality ;
Yet, fact fore'er refuting,
Turns dreams to travesty.

Which proveth well the proverb
That time doth soften all
That's grievous and regretful
On this earth-branded ball,
And that the myriad sunsets
Combine their glint and glow,
And o'er the ills of ages
A glorious glamor throw.

So I wonder if the actions
Of this prosaic time,
Will some age be the subject
Of ravishing young rhyme;
And if our dull demeanor
Some distant day will be
The theme of sage and songster,
For grace and chivalry—
Aye, time may thus depicture,
My friend, both you and me.

FOR THE SAKE OF YOU.

All day I seek
With spirit meek
Something good to do;
All day I strive—
Keep hope alive
Just for the sake of you.

Thro' night I plan
How best I can
Be brave and strong and true,
And e'er aspire
To something higher—
All for the sake of you.

How oft sweet thought
And content is brought
Thro' little love-deeds we do,
So while I live
My best I'll give—
All for the sake of you.

From morn to morn
Fresh hope is born,
And comfort cometh anew;
Beyond the blue strand
A heavenly hand
Leads—for the sake of you.

THE LOVE SONG OF THE LEAVES.

How rich and brown and glist'ning!
What a song my fancy weaves
While listening, softly list'ning,
To the rustling of the leaves.

How my heart, in happy concord,
Every nameless note receives,
And my soul is lifted upward
By the rustling of the leaves.

'Tis the heart-song of October
That each loving leaf enweaves,
And there's music, always music
In the rustling of the leaves.

IF ALL WERE LIKE YOU.

If all were like you—

How different 'twould be
Thro' all of life's hardships and heartaches for me!
How often a blessing instead of a blame,
How faith-strong all friendships instead of but name—
If all were like you.

If all were like you—

Every discord would cease
And heart speak to heart in the accents of peace;
The energies wasted in turmoil and strife
Would aid in approaching a higher heart-life—
If all were like you.

If all were like you—

How blest were mankind:
For the best of each being you search for—and find,
The highest life-standard you reach for and raise
Till joys rare, refreshing e'er follow your ways—
O, if all were like you!

SIDNEY LANIER.

His every thought was poetry—
Word-pictures chaste and masterly ;
His every heart-throb was some note
That thrilled as from a mock-bird's throat,
And so together, mind and heart,
Gave to the world the greatest art.

Refinement, culture, learning rare
Were equally our poet's share ;
In all things in the world of art
He formed a whole and perfect part ;
His life was much set to rhyme—
The mock-bird of our Southern clime.

His soul in " Sunrise " soared on wings
That floated thro' ethereal things,
And on where dwelleth Hosts divine,
E'en where the " Son " himself doth shine ;
Yet, as he sang this strange soul-song,
Death crept all stealthily along,
Translating Genius, Music, Love,
Unto that bright art-bliss above.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

I feel so lost and lonely—
An isolated heart,
With no one ever near me
To sympathy impart ;

With myriads all around me,
Still none to draw anigh
In pity or compassion
When my vanquished soul doth cry.

Am I not Nature's offspring
E'en just the same as they?
And have I not the longings
And love, that others may?
Then, why this sad estrangement
And why mistaken still
By every heart around me—
E'en those whose lives I fill?

Perchance I do repel them;
But if they only knew
How my hungry heart doth call them
I think they'd love me too;
And, perhaps, they would discover—
Where now a fault they find—
Somewhat of good abiding
Within this heart and mind.

We cannot change the natures
Thus cast upon our care,
Then O, why not more mercy
Shown as our daily share!
But I know I must go onward,
Mistaken by each one—
An isolated being
Till my soul, with time, is done.

A fate it is of sorrow,
And full of burdens sore
That seem each day more heavy
Than they were the day before ;
And still I bear in silence,
Of life this bitter part,
While day by day I'm dying
Of just an aching heart.

NO ONE COMES HOME TO ME.

I sit in the still autumn evening,
As th' night shades are drawing anigh,
And with a dull, heart-faint feeling
I gaze on the passers-by:
All lonely I look thro' the shadows—
As lonely as life can be ;
For each one has some face to look for,
But no one comes home to me.

I know there are heart-happy faces
That eagerly watch all aglow—
Awaiting the steps of some loved one,
Some form that they fondly know ;
I list to the hurrying footsteps,
But none bring a thrill to me ;
For, from all the plenty of passers,
No one comes home to me.

My heart fills up with emotions
Full many and strange to tell,
Till, like all woe-stricken women,
The tears to my eyelids well;
And wonder if others are ever
As lonely and heart-sick as I,
And if, thro' the shades and the silence
Their hearts ever hungrily cry.

With no one to share in my sorrows,
No one my efforts to share,
Always alone, thro' the shadows,
The burden of life to bear;
Yet see I hearts all around me
E'er gladsome and full of glee;
Aye, each one has some face to look for,
But no one comes home to me.

I question if life's worth the living
Without a companion—a heart
That responds to our every emotion
And forms of our fibre a part;
The soul's constant call is for kinship
Of close and divinest degree:
The many may pluck and possess it;
But—no one comes home to me.

All helpless and hopeless I ponder
Till dreary and dazed is my brain,
Till the shadows grow thicker and thicker
And close me within all my pain;

So I turn in sorrow around me,
As far as the eye can see,
And each one has some face to look for,
Still—no one comes home to me.

SOME ONE COMES HOME TO ME.

My heart is so light and so loveful
I scarcely know what I'm to do,
I sing, and I smile, and I listen,
And wonder if it can be true ;
Then look thro' the shimmering twilight,
As happy as heart can be,
For, mine is the soul-thrilling message
That—some one comes home to me.

After all of this heartache and waiting
Am I, too, to know what is joy,
To know what is living and loving,
With never the least of alloy?
Are all the unutterable longings
For something diviner, to be?
Aye, every tear will be answered
When—some one comes home to me.

Are the oft'-dreamed dreams of a lifetime
At last to be wholly fulfilled,
And mine the rich peace and the promise
Just as I so often have willed?

It scarce seems a true, O my Master,
That all these rich blessings can be
A part of my portion; yet will they
When some one comes home to me.

So, cast I aside every heart-care
And bury all sorrow from sight—
How could I have ever been hopeless,
When I am so happy to-night?
My soul reaches out through the silence,
As light as a song-bird and free;
It will be only one flight from Heaven
When some one comes home to me.

A halo of joy rests around me
And veils all the world from my view,
A rapture has folded me inward—
A rapture that cometh to few;
But words have all vanished far from me—
The heart is too full—for I see
A face through the flush of the twilight—
Aye, some one comes home to me.

EVER KIND.

'Twas whisper'd softly at the door
Of Heaven's ethereal span,
And angels, swift the message bore
Unto the heart of man;

Then stamp'd it deep upon the wall,
And 'round the portal twin'd—
Tho' sorrow all thy soul enthrall,
Oh, be ye ever kind!

In daily thought and word and deed,
No matter what befall,
No matter where it seems to lead—
'Tis best be kind to all.

HOPE.

How sweet the feeling that enshrouds the heart
Whene'er doth softly fall the voice of Hope!—
Whether upon some stormy foam-beat shore,
Or on the desert's fiery fields of sand,
Or 'mong the wastes of Afric's howling wilds;
Nor matters it where touch ye earth's conlnes,
This ever-soothing thrill of human hearts—
This whispering Hope will smooth the rugged pathway.

Crushed it cannot be, though Disappointment, grim,
Try all his wiles to mutely mangle;
Yet under sorrow sore and affliction stern
It rises, and in sweetest, softest tones
Asserts a dignity and power great,
That doth withstand grief's wildest accents.

How oft, when fast are falling sorrow's tears
Is heard the voice of deep Despair exclaim:—

“All hope is dead within my soul, and naught
Remains to me save moans for evermore.”
But human hearts cannot thus always grieve ;
For soon doth Hope, with murmured, winsome wids
Come to that soul all wrapped in grief’s strong chains,
And tenderly, in tones that none resist, doth say :—
“ Smile through thy tears, O troubled one, I’m with thee.”

HOPELESS.

Lonely I’ve watched and waited—
 Waited and watched all the eve,
Patiently watched for thy coming,
 My fond, fainting heart to relieve ;
For it’s been throbbing and bounding
 With hope all the long, listless day—
With th’ hope my darling was coming,
 Its throbbing and pains to allay.

But slowly the darksome has gathered
 And veiled the broad world from my sight,
And lonely I sit by my window—
 All lonely and heart-sick to-night.
And as I thus sadly am waiting
 I fancy the sound of thy steps,
But it turns to a torturing phantom
 And I weep as I ne’er have wept.

The stars faintly gleam in the distance
And quiver and sink from my sight,
Yet still my lone vigil I'm keeping
Thro' the wide-wasting depths of the night:
All hope slowly dies in my bosom,
And drives from my soul all the light;
But you ne'er can know, O my darling,
The misery and moans of to-night.

HOPEFUL.

Oh! why do the hours seem so distant,
And, why do they rest on the way,
When I am so weary of watching—
Watching the wheels of the day?
For, as they keep turning, and turning
With slow and majestic pace,
I know they bring nearer and nearer
The hour of my joy—of my grace.

And so, as Time slowly moves onward,
Wide scatt'ring his woes and his wiles,
To me, in this round of his cycle,
Brings naught but his songs and his smiles;
And I fancy the words of the music
Re-echo the hopes of my heart,
While the smiles upon his worn visage
New hopes, 'mid its doubtings, impart.

Then, why should I ever feel mournful,
And why should I ever repine,
Since Time kindly spares from his measure
So many sweet moments for mine?
For I float on a beautiful cloud-sea
Without any effort of will—
How strange that the love for one being
The soul with such rapture should fill!

TRUSTING.

I have ceased to hope your coming,
And my heart has ceased to beat
With wildly rapturous feelings
At the tread of distant feet ;
For the rustic latch is silent,
And the gravel gives no sound,
As in the blissful by-gone
When love our life-chords bound.

Yet there's something softly whispers,
You will, must come again,
That all those hours of rapture
We'll live anew, as then ;
That this life to you is mournful
Without your one soul-mate :—
So, in your truth I'm trusting
As I daily watch and wait.

And they tell me your are coming,
That your form is at the door:—
Oh! my heart with joy is throbbing—
The joy for me in store;
And now I hear your footsteps
Along the sounding hall,
And now I see my darling,
My love, my life, my all!

ANTICIPATION.

In the future straight before me
Looms a high and holy light,
That doth daily draw me onward
To its shrine of soul-delight;
So each thought and each emotion
Thereward tends to meet its mate,
And each chord and throbbing heart-string
For a master-touch doth wait.

There the mind seeks counter-matter,
Heart the heart, and soul the soul,
So my life, within the circle
Of another life doth roll:
But a doubt oft wrings my heart-strings
When that sacred light I see—
Will the future find me worthy
Of the life that lives for me?

UNREQUITED LOVE.

Oh! how dreary all seems 'round me,
And how dark is all within!
Sorrow in her web hath wound me—
Wound me fast, and still doth spin.

Still she weaves with wasted fingers
'Round my heart the woes of years;
In the warp a great sigh lingers
While the woof is stained with tears.

Why this clinging shroud of sadness?
'Tis the Future doth await
Ceaseless grief, or ceaseless gladness
In the answer to its fate.

Slow and sadly have I pondered
O'er the Present, o'er the Past,
And my earnest thoughts have wandered
To that Future, dim and vast;

With my soul have held communion,
Bade it answer terse and true;
Can it brook immortal union
With the one who doth it woo?

But no quiver it returneth,
Nor a thrill doth fluttering flow,
As when love within it burneth—
Love the purest mortals know.

NATURE'S SECRET.

Was there ever yet a zephyr
But had its answering breeze?
And was there e'er a streamlet
But had some stream to please?

Was there e'er a bird or blossom
On brightsome bower 'throned,
But 'mong its many subjects
A master-mind it owned?

And so with Nature's brightest,
And so with Nature's best,
There's always one, to every one,
Some better than the rest.

But, why this strange enchantment,
And why this speechless spell?
There's never yet a being
Who could the secret tell.

'Tis one of Nature's love-freaks—
Of which she has a score—
Just to make us mind one being
Than the rest, a little more.

So we wonder o'er its meaning,
And wonder whence it came;
Yet can only say, 'tis "something,"
And the secret's still the same.



MRS. CAPPLEMAN, in the "Blue and the Gray."

THE BLUE AND GRAY,
or
THE RESURRECTED HEARTS.

Slowly the twilight was gathering in,
'Neath the rose-tinted wings of the West,
And softly the sun-birds were hushing their songs
And silently sinking to rest;
But lingering still was a lone mocking bird,
That plaintively called to its mate,
And seemed, of all nature, the one saddened thing,
Save a form at the low, latticed gate.

A fair girlish form with a faultless girl face,
Of the matchless, true Southernly mold,
With a far-away look in the great soulful eyes,
That of heartaches and tears plainly told;
While held in her hands was a snowy rosebud
With jasmine and violets entwined,
That she clasped and unclasped and fervently kissed,
And in kissing seemed comfort to find.

O rosebud and jasmine and violets sweet,
In you each lies a long buried dream!
And to-night, with the odor that wells from your lips,
The past rushes by as a stream.
O eyes! with your torture and tumult of tears,
O heart! with your sore, ceaseless pain,
From the present, with all its anguish, arise,
And we'll gaze on the past once again.

* * * * *

A horseman often passed our gate—a gallant horseman he,
With darksome, laughing, love-lit eyes, that always smiled
on me;

So oft in happy girlhood hours I sat beside the brim
Of some bright brooklet in the woods and wondering
watched for him.

I knew the ways he frequent' went, and some mysterious
spell

Would hie me there and hold me there until I knew him
well.

And one glad morn he smiling gave a rosebud rich and
white,

And once he brought a jasmine spray, and once some vio-
lets bright.

So time on time we met and smiled till one soft summer
day

He told me of the love he bore—had borne for me alway.
Then all my heart's long pent-up life was given to his care,
And truth and trust were mine for him, and trust and truth
my share.

But still, I knew 'twas wrong, all wrong—this love we close
concealed—

Our fathers' life-long enmity would to us never yield.
And o'er our dreams the doom of war burst suddenly one
day;

His father donned the Federal Blue, and mine—Confed-
erate Gray.

And he was of his father's will, while I must follow mine ;
He said his cause was just and right ; I answered " Mine's
divine ! "

So there we severed soul from soul at duty's stern behest.
And there we buried both our hearts, while praying peace
and rest.

On one side stood he and I on the other,
With only a low, gaping grave between ;
We silently laid our hearts there together,
As the horsemen filed to the battle-scene.

Little they dreamed of the bonds that enbound us,
Little they dreamed of the heartaching there ;
Little they cared for the woe that enwound us,
E'en had our hearts to the world been bare.

Little they recked of our love, for each other,
Little they recked of the sharp, piercing pain,
As he stood on one side, and I on the other,
Never perchance, to meet there again.

Checked were the tears in their silent confession,
Crushed were the sobs by a wild, boundless will,
And sorrow that sought the face for expression,
Was sternly bade to for aye be still.

Yet, there lay our hearts all bleeding and broken,
With never a word of the war-torn tie,
A tremulous glance was the only life-token,
And now and anon a half-smothered sigh.

So we buried our hearts from all human seeing,
He of the Blue and I of the Gray,
Still, I feel in my soul that no other being
Will love him, can love him as I—to this day.

* * * * *

A horseman dashed up through the dusky twilight,
And stopped at the low-latticed gate;
The mocking bird trilled a heart-happy song;
It, too, had called back its mate.
And the souls that seemed severed on earthdom for aye,
Met and merged again into one;
And he whispered—while kissing the tear stains away—
“ My darling, our sorrows are done;
And, in the lone grave that has held our crushed hearts,
Thro’ the fierce, yawning years of the fray,
,’Neath a white rose and jasmine and violet mound
We’ll bury the Blue with the Gray.”

A LAY TO THE WATER-LILIES.

O lilies fair,
Your gems I wear.
Culled from the lakelet’s casket,
I’ve filled my hands with snowy wands,
And heap’d with buds my basket.

O lonely love,
O loyal love,
I send you water lilies,
And hidden there, ’mong petals fair,
A heart lies—all my Willie’s.

O moonlight night,
O starry night,
How grand thy jeweled setting!
I dream a dream, 'mid moonlight gleam
And falling water's fretting.

O dainty dream,
O happy dream:—
My heart is in his keeping:
I know full well—the lilies tell
Who by his side are sleeping.

O soul of mine,
O life divine,
I've gleaned of heaven's glory,
And lilies fair I'll ever wear
As emblems of our story.

WHERE THE WATER LILIES GROW.

The sunset's golden glory
Touched the trembling water's brim,
As I dreamed again the story
Of the days long dead and dim.

'Twas a romping, bright-eyed beauty,
A face all kissed by curls—
Gaily gath'ring water lilies
Was that daintiest girl of girls.

How I linger'd, how I loved her!
How she shyly from me drew,
Till my earnest pleadings won her
Where the water lilies grew!

Then I clasped my dainty darling,
And kissed her rose-stained cheek,
As our hearts throbb'd on together,
Far too happy e'en to speak.

* * * * *

The years have full'd and faded,
Those love-days long have flown,
And this eve, all heavy-laded,
I am lingering here—alone.

She is gone—the lilies quiver,
As if grief they knew;
But our souls were sealed forever
Where the water lilies grew.

A JUNE FANCY.

Under the stars and the leaves,
Waiting for some one to see;
Thinking of all that is past,
Dreaming of all yet to be.

Life is a fresh, faultless dream,
Gilded with sun-gleams and gold,
One with its beauty and light,
One with its treasures untold.

Love, with its thousand light thoughts,
Love, with its warm, winsome ways
Enwraps me within and without
In a hallow and mystical haze.

And I wistfully wonder—if life
Were always a day-dream like this,
Would't be a delicious foretaste
Of endless Futurity's bliss?

So we measure the weal of that world,
By the weal of the world-life we see,
With Love, as the great guiding star,
To the beautiful realms of To Be.

O, Love, ye are potent on earth,
O, Love, ye are boundless above,
All of rapture we know or we dream,
Flows from thee, thou immortal, O, Love.

ALONE WITH THEE.

I walked alone thro' the moonlight,
Alone with my thoughts of thee,
And felt the blue-bending ether
Encircling thee and me.

And my heart reached out thro' the distance
Till it trembled and touched thine own—
Till I knew 'neath the star-set heavens
Our spirits were there alone.

And they spoke in that silent language
That only the soul can speak;
And they sought for sympathy's solace
As only the soul can seek.

Till, so nearly our natures united,
And our spirits so closely entwined
That one's thoughts and emotions and feelings
By the other were straight divined.

So bowed I the best of my being
Before thy strong, loving will,
And felt thus to linger forever
Would my dreams of Futurity fill.

And I felt the thrill of thy heart-strings,
And felt thy breath on my brow,
Then stretched forth my hands to clasp thee—
When—I woke to the empty *now*.

So my soul sank back into silence,
No longer unfetter'd and free;
And passed I on thro' the moonlight,
Alone with my thoughts of thee.

AUGUST-LILIES.

The August eve enwraps me,
I sit here now, as then;
For the odor of the lilies
Brings back that night again.

Aye, odors have a power—
Most subtle are their ways—
Of flashing fresh upon us
The dreams of other days.

I live once more that love-dream,
Drawn from cerulean height,
Once more I feel the heart-throbs
I felt that one fair night.

Once more a voice, deep, tender,
Thrills all my being through,
And my soul wakes to a gladness
Till then it never knew.

Did you ever feel the fullness
Of pure, ecstatic bliss?
So upon that August evening
First learned I, Love, of this.

O love, too fond to linger,
O dream, too dear to last!
O, the rapture of the Present,
O, the pity of the past.

I sit here in the star-light,
I sit here now, as then;
For the odor of the lilies
Brings back that night again.

CONSTANCY.

I cannot change; since once my heart
Has fixed its faith on one abode
It ne'er can thence be called apart,
E'en tho' unwisely 'tis bestowed.

I cannot change: where once is love
With me, 'tis love for evermore;
And as I live I'll daily prove
How true the love I thus outpour.

I cannot change: tho' day by day
I see her drifting from my side,
There's something in me seems to say:
E'en by thy fate 'tis best abide.

I cannot change: tho' when we meet
'Tis but as stranger meets the strange:
The love is gone that used to greet—
And, tho' I try, I cannot change.

I cannot change; tho' when I look
Upon that face, so worshiped yet,
My soul-filled glance she will not brook;
And still I cannot then forget.

I cannot change: tho' ne'er by sign,
Nor word, nor deed doth she declare
That e'er her heart had beat with mine,
Or that we'd pledged our souls to share.

I cannot change: tho' year on year
Shall roll in slow and mournful round,
Each marked by many a silent tear,
E'en to the last I'll true be found.

I cannot change: but e'en in death
I feel my soul will seek her side,
While praying with my latest breath—
“ Let me, O God, with her abide.”

LIFE-DREAMS.

All have their dreams—you yours, I mine—
Till life seems made of daily dreams.
O'er some the gorgeous sunrays shine,
O'er some the mellow moonlight gleams.

Yours is a grand, a glorious dream
That grasps at earth, and sky, and space,
That gathers in each star and stream,
Each golden cloud, each thing of grace.

You fain would fondle with the sweets
That none but gods have soared to sip;
In you wide-winged ambition meets
His sister Genius lip to lip.

A vision of an artist's name—
Of colors caught and life-like shown,
One glowing picture formed for fame,
And call this picture all your own.

'Tis thus with you, my friend, while I
Have something lesser for my goal;
I sigh not for the earth and sky
And all things mighty to control.

My dream is soft, and sweet and sad,
'Tis some of love, and light, and care.
'Tis touched with features good and bad,
And shaded from the everywhere.

From whence it came or whither tends
I never question, never care;
To life it hope and action lends—
'Tis something sweet that's ever there.

And some have dreams more weird, more wild;
Some of the heart, some of the soul,
As varied as the flower or child,
As mystic as the thunder's roll.

So climbing, toiling through all time
Are myriads of these dream-swayed souls,
Who touch the earth with tints sublime,
And live within the Future's folds.

A REVERIE.

Silence in her sweetest witchcraft
Soft enwraps me in her folds,
While come stealing, stealing o'er me
Visions that the vanished holds.

From amid the mystic windings
Of a day that long has fled,
Thro' a cloud of purple twilight
Shadows float of day-dreams dead.

Haunting memories creeping o'er me,
As the curtain of the eve,
Once again in softest blendings
Broken threads of brightness weave.

Dreamland thus has ope'd its portals
Spreading to my eager eye
All the treasures, rare and radiant,
That were mine in days gone by.

Softly, softly sound the voices,
Echoing thro' sweet memory's hall,
And the sunny, smiling faces
Swift the bygone now recall—

Faces, formed in fairest features,
Wreathed in stars of silvery light,
Peering from these mystic hangings
Flood my soul with pure delight.

And their voices seem anear me—
Not a dream in fancy found ;
For the life-spark's in the music,
And the soul is in the sound.

And they whisper, softly whisper
Words that once I deemed most dear—
Can it be I'm only dreaming
And those voices are not near?

Can it be those friendly faces,
That methought I sure could see,
And that once I held as sacred,
Now are far away from me?

Ah, 'tis true—I slowly waken—
One last parting glance and gleam
Of those loving forms and faces—
Wake to find it all a dream.

BEAUTY'S QUEEN.

'Tis shining and soft and silken,
Gleaming with amber and gold,
Rippling along the white shoulders—
O tresses, your glory's untold!

And blue eyes, all brilliant with beauty,
Radiant with light and with love,
Beneath the bright tresses are beaming—
O eyes, from the regions above!

And buried beneath the gold ringlets,
Buried below the blue eyes,
Is a heart all throbbing with love-life—
The purest of gems from the skies.

O tresses, entangled with heart-strings,
O bright eyes, enshrining the soul,
How cruel you are when the kindest!
How heart upon heart you control!

Aye, fair as the first flush of morning,
Fresh as the first bloom of day
Are you, O queen of the love-realms,
O soul of the subjects you sway.

HEART POWER.

How the feelings sear the sunshine!
How the feelings glad the gloom!
'Tis the heart that holds our pleasure,
And the heart that holds our doom.
'Tis in day, or 'tis in darkness,
That our lives forever fly,
And just as the heart-world wills it,
So the moments live and die.

Thus the world may be all brightness,
Tho' fair nature lurk in clouds;
And the sky may seem as sapphire,
Tho' the night its sheen enshrouds;
E'en the flowers may fail in fragrance,
And the songsters cease to sing,
Yet, if still the heart is happy,
It will seem the depth of Spring.

And each face will seem encircled
 With a smile for us alone ;
And each voice will throb and thrill us
 In a tuneful undertone ;
Earth will be embalmed in beauty,
 Life all gladness to the goal,
If the heart will shun all sadness,
 If there's sunshine in the soul.

Oft a smile will make this sunlight,
 Oft a word will thrill us through,
Making all things light and loving
 That our hands and hearts would do ;
So our lives are made the better,
 And are brighter to the goal,
If the heart will shun all sadness—
 Let the sunshine in the soul !

TO LOVE AND BE LOVED.

You may read thro' the hearts of the rich,
 You may peer in the hearts of the poor,
The wretched, the wronged, the oppressed,
 The seemingly lost evermore ;
You may search thro' the annals of man
 From time in its dawn till to-day,
And you'll find that to love and be loved
 Is the cry of each soul thro' its stay.

O hearts, ever happy with hope,
O holiest hearts from above,
To the weeping, way-worn, lonely-lived,
O give from your bounty of love!
O give but a tender hand-touch,
Or give but a kind word of cheer,
For, believe me, to love and be loved
Is the only of Heaven we've here.

No life without love is complete,
No matter what more it may hold—
Whether masterly efforts of mind,
Or costliest caskets of gold;
That divine must respond to divine,
Each nature tends ever to prove,
And all of Divinity known
Is this—To be loved and to love.

How many for sympathy's tone
Are sobbing from day unto day,
And how many souls ever lost
For lack of some love on their way!
Of the myriads of heart-stricken lives
Now sunk 'neath their burden of woe
And constantly craving some love—
Only God in His goodness can know.

WAITING—FOR WHAT?

With folded hands and gathered brow,
With half-waked fears and half-formed vow
For better deeds than grace the Now,
 He waits and waits—for what?

A life it is with some of care,
With some of hope and some despair;
As millions in the everywhere
 It waits and waits—for what?

There are no subtle words to tell
What means this wistful waiting-spell,
That all have known too soon, too well,
 And feel and fear its force.

'Tis not for that the morrow brings,
'Tis not the hope where heart-love clings,
Nor any known substantial things
 Why stops this life to wait.

'Tis not a myth from fancy sprung,
The echo of a song long sung,
Nor aught from out the cloud-world wrung
 That leads this life to wait.

It seems some inner-working power,
 That haunts us from our waking hour—
A mystic bud, without the flower—
 That wills us wait—for what?

Is it immortal light within
That longs to break the bonds of sin,
And seeks its starry source to win
That we forever wait?

Ah, what the holy hopes must be
Of one who waits all cheerfully,
And through the mystic web can see—
Aye, see for what he waits!

And shall we all e'er truly know
From whence we come and whither go,
And why all nature here below
Is forced to yield—and wait?

A QUERY.

Another day—a month—a year—
Will I be there, or still be here?
Will time roll on, as it has rolled,
And furl me deep within its fold?
Will life wind on, as it has wound,
And e'er remain as I have found?
Or will some weird and wondrous change
Leave time untold, and living strange?
Will being be as't had not been—
All chaos—as, where souls begin?

I wonder thus in some vague way,
As, on this sacred summer day,
I lie with the Known, and wait
All restlessly, the seal of Fate?

There are moments when the morbid mind
Will strive and struggle hard, to find
An outlet to this, channel given
To cross the gulf 'twixt this and Heaven;
And yet it ends, as it begun—
In nothing lost—in nothing won.

QUERIES.

I sat in the soft summer twilight
And thought of the souls hung in space,
And wonder'd if each of those myriads
Had left of its transit some trace.

I sighed then—O souls, of the mystic,
Come out of your wide, weird-like sphere
And teach us the truth of your being,
And tell us why linger we here,
And where unrelenting, it leadeth—
This life we are spinning out here.

I sobbed then—O souls, of the vanished,
Did you love, did you hate, did you fear?
Were you burden'd with unceasing sorrow—
Were you gladless, or gladsome while here?
Oh! What is that hidden Hereafter
That mocks us and maddens us here?

To the mystic blue space all above me,
To the cloud-curtained spirits I cry—
Does the good of our lives help us after,
Or does the good with us die?
Is there aught lives unchanged thro' the Ever,
Or, does the good and the evil all die?

Are the efforts and toil of a lifetime
That cause us to totter and pale,
Are the struggles, ambitions and heartaches—
Are all these of any avail?
Or, will only one faulty footstep
Cause us thro' all the future to fail?

I call and I cry thro' the silence
Till scarcely the shadows I see,
And the darkness grows deeper and deeper,
But answer comes never to me;
And I feel that this infinite knowledge
Can come to no mortals like we.

So we tread o'er Time's beaten pathway,
Where millions have trodden before,
And we ask the self-same vague questions—
That others have asked o'er and o'er—
Which will never, nay, never be answered,
Till we've touched on Eternity's shore.

SO MUCH TO DO.

A sad-faced mother was sitting alone
By the side of a fading fire,
With the last seam finished that just was sewn
By the hands that never would tire,
The well-worn jacket was laid away
With a half-stifled sigh or two,
As she wearily said, "Thro' night and thro' day
There's so much, oh! so much to do."

"Here are Johnie's last pair of trousers, all torn
From the pocket near down to the knee,
And Mary's best dress all frayed out and worn—
When to mend it I really can't see—
And here's baby George's old cloak to be lined—
Oh, I don't think I'll ever get through;
For tho' I keep toiling and trying I find
So much, oh! so much still to do."

The night gathered closer and closer around,
The cramped, weary hand stopped a-still,
The eyelids drooped—drooped further on down,
As tears, all unshed, their depths filled;
And a short, soundless sleep in pity was loaned
By the God of the tried and true;
Yet, e'en in her sleep the mother-self moaned—
"So much, oh! so much still to do."

O frail, faded mother, my aching heart cried,
This burthen cannot be in vain,
From the depths where you suffer you soon must arise
To existence that knoweth no pain;

For the long, weary hours of sacrifice here
There's redemption eternal for you,
Where come not the torture, the trials, the tears,
Nor the wail, " Oh! so much still to do."

ENGINE SIXTY-SIX.

The eve had gather'd dark and chill,
The stars their shining faces screen'd,
The moaning winds rose o'er each hill
Then rushed and shrieked as some fell fiend ;
All out was one forbidding sight
Upon that ne'er-forgotten night.

All out was threatening, weird and wild,
While calmly sat the engineer,
(Beside him was his only child,
As tho' there was nothing to fear.
At rapid rate, in faultless fix,
On thundered engine Sixty-six.

With many lives at her command
She plunged o'er stream and dizzy height,
E'er guided by that steady hand
That knew no falt'ring, day or night ;
And, with his little son beside,
He steered old Sixty-six—his pride.

The boy looked out upon the night,
Then turned unto his father's face
And said in sudden deep affright—
“How dark, O father, every place!
With nothing, but the sparks, to light
Your engine thro' this dismal night.

“I fear, O father, much I fear
We'll never see the morrow's sun;
It seems that mother's smiling near,
And that she beckons to her son.
O father, stop awhile and pray
That we may still together stay!”

Then, in a voice quick, strong and stern,
But with a slightly moistened eye,
He said, “My son, look on and learn,
And don't, like some great baby, cry;
For trusty Sixty-six and I
Have no intent to let you die.”

“Then, father, watch the sudden bend
Beyond the great, deep river-bridge;
There I my little help will lend
Until we reach the rocky ridge:—
Just think of all who with us ride
On Sixty-six to Sunny-side!

“I saw the crowds, where last we left,
That gathered close on every side
And seemed of something just bereft—
It was a bridegroom and his bride:

I saw her sunny, bright blue eye
Fill up with tears at each good-bye.

“ I knew she loved him much and well ;
For, as she closely to him clung,
I heard her something to him tell
That sounded like the words you sung
When last I sat upon your knee:—
You’d leave all else for only me.

“ I knew she loved him ; for she turned
With such a tender, trusting air ;
The roses on her fair cheeks burn’d
And spread unto her golden hair ;
And, as she stepped within the door,
Oh ! such a heavenly look she wore !

“ I’d like to see her face again—
It seemed so much like mother’s face—
And, as I look out through the rain,
I see it in the darkest place—
O father, there’s the great iron bridge !
I’ll help you till we reach the ridge.”

On rumbled Sixty-six amain,
Across the bridge, thro’ blackest night,
Around the bend, thro’ blinding rain,
As rushed another train in sight :
A shock !—a crash !—a crushing sound !
A helpless mass lay heaped around.

The morrow's sun rose calm and still
Upon a sad and sick'ning scene :
The warmest heart-blood felt a chill,
And tears were traced on every mien.
O God! such piercing sobs and cries
Must reach the souls in Paradise!

There, crushed in all her power and pride,
Lay Sixty-six—her last race run,
And cold and mangled, by her side,
The engineer clasped close his son ;
The boy smiled, as some friend to greet—
He'd gone his mother's soul to meet.

And, near the boy, a couple lay
So bound together, 'twere in vain
To break the bond. She seemed to say—
“ Let nothing sever us again ! ”

Her prayer was answered ere the breath
Had reached the shining throne above ;
As one, in life, so one, in death,
And one, in true eternal ove.
And they were buried side by side—
The bridegroom and his angel bride.

And close unto a moss-grown mound,
Where, years ago, was laid away
A fair young mother, newly crowned,
Now, two more forms all silent lay :
The father, mother and their boy,
Have met—on heights of ceaseless joy.

THE VAIN APPEAL.

I heard an aged pilgrim say,
While wending on his woeful way,
 “ O Time, come back to me ;
O moments, fraught with brightest youth,
O hours, of trust, O hours of truth,
 I cry, come back to me.

“ With all your blessings, Time, return,
And I no toil or task will spurn
 That you may hold in store ;
Nor will I stand with folded hands,
And idly scorn your mute command ;
 So try me, Time, once more.

“ ’Tis sad, O murder’d Time, to see
How cruel I have been to thee—
 How careless of the cost ;
How many days and weeks and years,
Are filled with fruitless deeds and fears—
 Are lost, forever lost.

“ And now remorse has seized my mind,
Nor rest, nor comfort can I find—
 Is there no more for me ?
Oh ! if I only had the power
To backward bring one ill-spent hour,
 How blest I then would be.

“ Oh, come ! ” he pleadingly implored,
And then his last appeal outpoured
And sank upon his knee ;
“ But all those hours are lost for aye,
And, in despair, I sadly say—
Time can't come back to me.”

And thus it is when nature's laws
Are broken without lawful cause,
We suffer for the crime ;
And not a week, nor e'en a day,
But we may hear some pilgrim say—
Come back, come back, O Time !

RETURN OF WINTER.

Old Father Winter has come again,
Casting shadows o'er each window-pane,
Where the most fanciful figures are seen—
Bower and throne, and monarch and queen.

Bending over his aged form low,
Ice-covered beard, and elf-locks of snow,
Boasting grimly with each chilling breath—
Summer and flowers are folded in death.

Oh ! cold is his presence in autumn's prime
Chilling and killing the sun's rosy time,
And colder, and colder he grows day and night,
Till the birds and the blossoms have all taken flight.

But bright is his presence in sports of glee,
In skating and sleighing the moments soon flee;
Brighter he grows in the Christmas-time toys,
Charming all hearts with Kris Kringle's joys.

Truly old winter is here again,
Snowing and hailing and sleeting and rain;
Welcome his presence with shout and cry!
Better be smiling, than gloomily sigh.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

A gracious, gladsome greeting
Unto each foe and friend!
'Tis again the Christmas meeting—
May Christ soul-blessings send!

The great white Christ arisen,
Who, two thousand years ago,
Broke the bars of Earthdom's prison
And declared a Saviour's dawn.

In His bright name we bring you
A pledge of utmost peace;
In softest accents sing you
Of love's and joy's increase.

The Christmas chimes are ringing
Their glad, soul-stirring sounds,
Fresh hope and promise bringing
To all within their bounds.

And may their sweetest measures
Ring out thro' all this land,
Renewing old-time pleasures
As we clasp each Christmas hand!

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Another year has come and gone—
Gone to its silent rest,
With all its memories, sweet and sad,
Stowed in its pulseless breast.
We cannot call one single hour,—
No matter how we would—
'Tis flown forever with its deeds—
The evil and the good.

'Tis gone with all its sun-lit smiles,
Its love, and joy, and fears,
Its busy days and burden'd nights,
Its sorrows and its tears.
Its dreams of fortune and of fame,
That dawn'd, and droop'd and died,
Its sunder'd hearts and sever'd ties
All scatter'd far and wide.

Its great events—some sad, some strange
In which the world took part,
Its many useful thoughts for man,
Its onward strides in art,

Its changes in each nation's tide—
Some better, some the worse:—
The year, to some, was witness of
Their crown, of some—their curse.

But, if there's aught of sad regret
Now buried in some breast,
The dawning year may yet redeem
Those hours of restlessness ;
May heal the harrowed, hopeless heart,
The soul by sorrow rent,
And bring unto the burden'd life
Sweet peace and calm content.

Again the glad New Year has come
And put the Old to flight,
Has come with all its hopes and plans,
Its promises most bright ;
With all its new-made, mute' resolves
To be far better men,
To give more thought to other souls,
More thought to God than then.

We welcome you, O bright New Year,
With open hearts and hands,
And trust you'll smile your brightest smile
O'er all our sun-kissed lands ;
And bring some blessing to the share
Of each and every one
Of all your sons, and daughters fair,
Beneath the Southern sun!

WHAT IS LOVE?

And ask you, my friend, what this wondrous love is?
The answer comes ripe from the regions of bliss:
'Tis that sweet, potent passion that thrills all the soul
And once set to burning defies all control.

'Tis a dream dropt from Heaven to drown all our woe,
In a few rapturous moments of ecstatic glow;
'Tis a light from the star-realm illuming the heart,
With the sweetest of joys Mother Earth can impart.

'Tis a glimpse into Future, that ope's to the view
Of souls that have suffered, and souls that are true—
A something that buds with our first childish breath,
And masters us all from our dawn to our death.

DREAMING.

Dreaming? Yes, I'm fondly dreaming,
Rarest visions meet my eye,
Clustering close and brightly beaming
Sweetest hopes on you and I.

Low the white moon gleams and glances
Thro' the shadowy forest trees,
And the pearl-perfume of lilies
Comes to me on every breeze.

Soft and soul-like silence greets me,
Shadows dim enfold the light,
Dying chords of music meet me
From the shining spheres of night.

And the shadows slowly flitting,
Find me not in dreams alone;
For beside me close is sitting
One whose heart is all my own.

Oh, the rapture of the feeling!
Oh, the tender throbbing thrills
Swift along each heart-string stealing
Life anew, in Love distills.

Oh, the holy, happy feeling,
And the bright, aye, heavenly glow
Of two souls their union sealing
Only those who've felt can know.

Low the pale moon sinks, and lower,
And in ecstasy it seems
That my soul has soared to heaven:—
Would that we could live in dreams!

LIFE IN A LOOK.

I looked in the depths of his soul-lit eyes
And love gave back kindred love;
Sometimes there is more in a half-hid glance
Than countless pages could prove.

Did you ever think of the great, strong hearts
That live on the light of a look—
How soften'd and sway'd by one pair of eyes
When no other bondage they'd brook!

And how wearily creep the long, endless hours
When away from the light of that love,
None ever can feel, and none ever know
Save those who this power can prove.

I have never known of a sadder fate
To the human heart to fall
Than a day to dawn when th' love in a look
Fails to find the love it would call.

FRIENDSHIP.

What sound is that, so soft, so pure,
And falls so gently on the ear,
As Friendship's voice—in accents tender,
Whispering to a comrade dear?

It thrills the heart with untold pleasure,
It fills the soul with music sweet,
Sends dreams of joy as bright, as heavenly,
As angels in their slumbers meet.

The look of Friendship, oh! how trusting!
Faith brightly beams, as morning dew,
From liquid depths, while fondly gazing
On one, thro' darkest dangers true.

It is *not love*—that blinding passion
That grasps the heart-strings but an hour,
Then leaves a wound all bruised and bleeding—
A helpless, torn and trampled flower.

No; 'tis a tie that binds together
Two sympathetic human hearts;
And e'er they'll cling, and trust, and triumph,
Till Death their pledge of Friendship parts.

A TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP.

You're now in life's enchanting bower,
Among its roses white,
Wher e'en the frailest, clinging flower
Is blest with love and light.

'Tis love that's twined a rosy wreath
Around your minds and souls,
Till naught about, above, beneath,
But that sweet love consoles.

'Tis music to the mournful heart,
And brighter pleasure brings
Than all the touching tones of art
Stirred from Æolian strings

Content is stamped upon your lot—
Content of heart and mind;
Without a blemish or a blot
This life you seem to find.

Bright Honor, too, hath crowned your brows
With laurel fresh and fair,
And Friendship's faithful, loving vows
Are yours, from everywhere.

Your way, along life's stormy stage,
Is traced by right and truth,
By blessings borne from bending age,
And blessings fresh from youth.

Methinks the high and holy One
Has happy made you twain,
To prove, when each his part has done,
E'en bliss, on earth, may reign.

And so I trust, my fond-loved friends,
Your lives may ever be
Encrowned with flowers and happy hours
Unto Eternity.

LOST FRIENDSHIPS.

I'd often heard that friendship's bonds
The closer drawn the stronger grew;
But, since I've come to test their faith,
I wonder if the words are true.

More seems it as some shining shell,
That holds the secrets of the sea—
Its woeful whispers waste and wear,
Until the shell has ceased to be.

So e'er I've found with friendship's form,
The more our throbbing thoughts betray,
The more for sympathy we yearn,
The faster seems to wear away.

Yet, this methought its mission be :
To soften sorrow, heartaches calm,
Link to each joy another joy,
And to each wound to bind a balm.

Oh, throbbing thought! yet seared how soon!
How early doomed to drear decay!
Just as the white-winged cloud arose
It merged into a gloomy gray.

Have not we, all, some summer day
Known one who seemed our souls to fill!
Yet, with the autumn's noiseless knell,,
Have found that heart-mate strangely still?

So time on time, have friendships failed,
That seemed endowed with strength for aye;
But, slowly, sadly they have died—
We know not why—*'tis just life's way.*

FRIENDS.

I live in a glitt'ring palace of art
With a Muse for the corner-stone,
And ever I sit in my palace apart
From the world and its muffl'd moan:—

Far away from the world and its wanton wiles
A fanciful web I enweave
Of beautiful thoughts, and heart-thrilling smiles
And souls that will never deceive.

Before away from the world I withdrew
I had seen somewhat of its ways;
Fair Honor, for me, was beginning to strew
Her flowers; Life had ope'd to my gaze.

But empty, how empty this pleasure soon proved,
How dismal and dark were its ends!
And, to-day, I feel, O ye faithful beloved,
That better than honor are friends.

And on followed Fame in the wide-arching wake
Of Honor on brilliant-hued wings;
In rapture I sighed it is all for my sake—
O life what a glorious thing!

But the longing for love was there, ever there,
And the sad, lonely heart was the same,
And I cried thro' the night-stilled, desolate air,
O friends, ye are better than fame.

As honor and fame, so Wealth was soon mine
With its comforts and grandeurs and grace,
And it seemed that my longing for pleasures divine
In this world were, in truth, to have place.

But, again I pined and my soul was sad
And, if master of treasures untold,
To-day in my innermost heart I feel
That friends are far better than gold.

So away, far away in my palace of art
All day and all night I would sing;
With friends who are tried, and true to the heart,
I'm as glad as a bird on the wing.

Tho' honor and riches and fame are still sweet,
And something of Comfort each sends,
But better, oh, truly, far better than these
Aye, better than all else—are friends.

REMEMBERED.

When hope has left us all alone,
And helplessly we weep and moan,
'Tis sweet, O friends, to feel that you
Are still so gracious, good and true.

I wonder if you fully know
How much you save of weary woe;
How oft your smiles dispel the gloom
And bring the sunbeams in the room.

I wonder if you fully know
'Tis sweet to be remembered so;
How little, when we're sick and sad,
It takes to make the heart-life glad!

The drooping lily longs for dew,
The wounded dove for help doth coo;
And so the sorrowed human heart
Of human kindness craves a part.

O friends, I wonder if you feel,
As in your homes you humbly kneel,
How much of good you daily do
By being thoughtful, kind and true.

Is this the mute but high command
Of that divine and holy hand
That thro' your gentle hearts makes known
The grace and goodness of His own?

There's nothing soothes the weary brain,
Or lulls the throes of dreary pain,
Or brings the joy unto our lot
As feeling we are unforgot.

LOVE'S MARRIAGE.

Ring, ring the great golden bride-bell,
Ring out its merriest sound;
Cull the fairest and freshest of flowerets
And strew the gray Autumn ground!

The sunshine glows gladder and richer,
The roses bloom brighter, in pride;
All nature seems silently shedding
A blessing on bridegroom and bride.

O hearts, that are thrilling and throbbing
In their sacredest union of bliss;—
'Tis the marriage of Love and his life-mate,
And who could ask better than this!

O Love, with your thousands of phases,
O Love, with your tremulous lay,
The essence and crown of your glory
Are centered in two souls to-day.

Oh, may our sweet smile ever linger
In blessings and joy on the just!
O Love, as the soul of this union,
Be true, thro' all time, to your trust!

AN OCTOBER BRIDAL.

The winds of October are sighing—
Are sighing in soft refrain,
The gold, gladsome rays of the sunshine
Now glitter thro' soft-falling rain;
All nature seems gently rejoicing,
For Cupid has conquered again.

For two hopeful hearts are united,
And merged into oneness two minds,
And the holiest link, in this earth-life,
Two souls in its sacredness binds.

So the Past fades away in the distance
With its mystical, dream-dotted shores,
While the Present is rapidly passing
And the Future unfoldeth its doors.

And over that glad, golden Future
May shadow and sorrow ne'er fall;
And into its cloudless enclosure
Kind wishes are wafted from all.

ONLY A GIRL.

Only a face—a fresh, girlish face,
As fair as the lilies abloom,
And in the bright eyes I know a soul lies
That my own lonely life would illumine.

Only a smile—a sweet, dimpled smile,
That sinks straight into my heart;
And in rapture I gaze on her pretty girl ways,
Till I wake from my dreams with a start.

Only a heart—a tender young heart,
That I touch and it turns unto me;
And, as dies out the day, right softly I say:
None, none are so happy as we.

Only a girl! I sit here and muse,
With my lips on a soft, silken curl,
How much of a life, my loved little wife,
In the words of—only a girl!

TO THE ABSENT.

Empty is the chair beside me,
Empty is each hall and room,
And all wistfully I'm waiting
For my best beloved to come.

Not a step disturbs the stillness,
Not a shadow breaks the gloom,
All is silent, sad and somber—
Will my darling never come?

And the smile I long and look for
Comes no more to soothe my soul;
All is void and vague around me
As the hour-wheels onward roll.

Will this longing never leave me
Nor my heart be calm and still,
And these many-winged emotions
Never cease my soul to fill?

But a hope springs in my heart-depths,
As the darkness dims my sight,
For the morrow's wings may waft him,
Though he comes with the night.

OUR SOUTHERN STATES.

Where the cypress bough doth mournfully wave,
'Mid the palm tree and the pine;
Where the floweret fair doth gracefully pave
The pathway of Nature's shrine;
Where the whisp'ring zephyr lingereth long,
Where the mock-birds sing to their mates,
Is that beautiful land of sunshine and song
Which we call our brave Southern States.

Right proudly the hearts of its people still throb—
Throb in their true Southern pride—
When they think of its sons, with a sigh and a sob,
Its sons who so gallantly died.

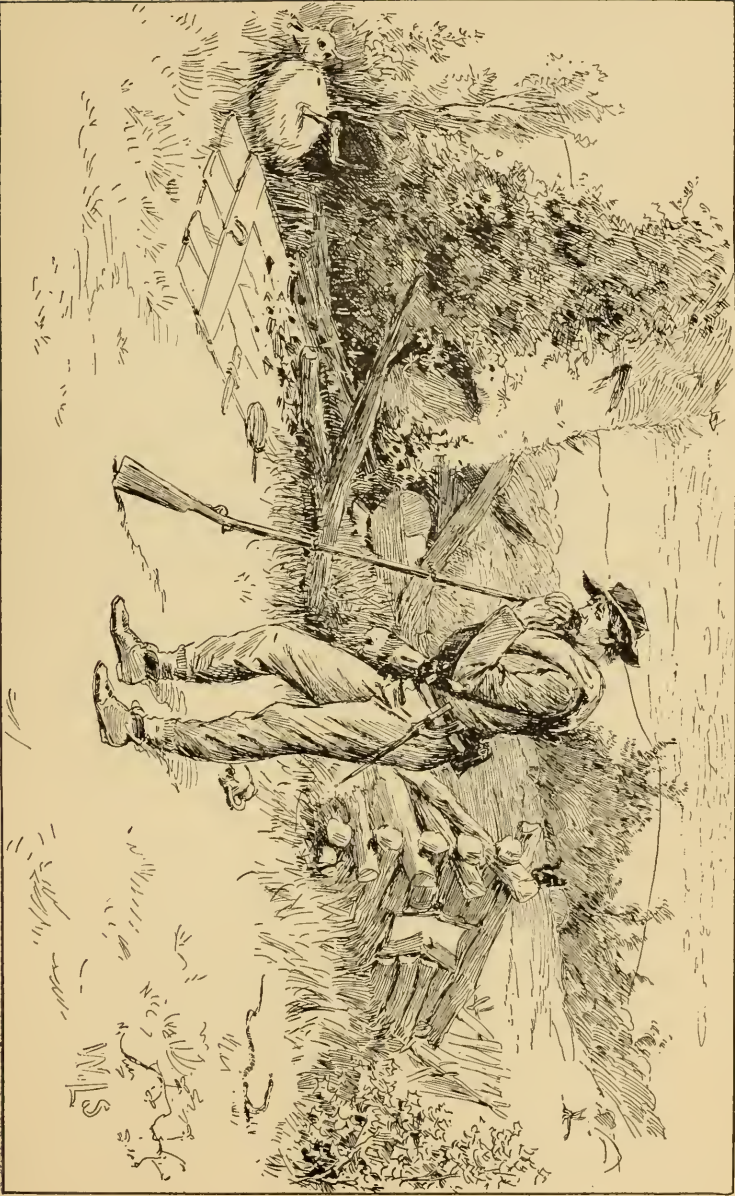
And, again, of its sons and its daughters so fair
Who grace now this land of the leal,
Who the honors of ancestry worthily wear,
And the story of Southern-born feel.

And know, all ye friends of this land of the true,
Not alone is it beauty here blooms;
For Nature's fair hand, deck'd with diamonds of dew
Twin'd wisdom amid its perfumes;
So each glittering gem from the poet and sage
The soul with its grandeur elates,
And we proudly proclaim—of the climes, in this age,
We love none as our grand Southern States!

A DIRGE TO THE SOUTHERN DEAD.

Again we meet upon the ground
Where once the battle's fury found
A vent in shrieking shell, and sound
Of life-devouring lead;
Again we meet—but Peace supreme
Now closes 'round us like a dream,
While chanting, as with love we teem,
A dirge unto our dead.

Ye brave Confederates, lying low
Beneath yon Southern sunset's glow,
Our faithful feelings ever flow
Unto your moss-grown graves;



A DIRGE TO THE SOUTHERN DEAD.

M.S.

And, when your loss we try to tell,
Of how you fought, and how you fell,
The tears unto our eyelids well
 In blinding grief, our Braves.

Again, with heavy hearts we come
Where lie the lips all sealed and dumb
Where drooping flag and muffled drum
 Tell of our loved and lost ;
Thro' mists we see our chieftians brave
The Southern banner proudly wave
And march to glory and the grave—
 Close in at any cost !

Again we hear the battle-cry,
And Forrest doth the foe defy,
Determined still to do, or die
 For Southland and its laws.
The dauntless, daring deeds we see
Of " Stonewall " Jackson and of Lee,
And shout " Jeff Davis ! " champion he
 And Chief of Southern Cause.

But, wrapt in silence and in tears
And canopied by creeping years,
Forever freed from fury's fears
 Our deathless dead ones sleep ;
While o'er their forms the flowerets twine,
And mock-birds sing their songs divine
And soft and still the moonbeams shine
 O'er Southrons, whom we weep.

But, not alone we mourn to-day
For those who fell while in the Gray
For many *since* have passed away
 To join their brother-band ;
Each year the Veteran troops grow less
And slowly file to silentness ;
The few behind march by and bless
 The loved in Summer-land.

Ye valiant Veterans, here to-day,
Proud remnant of the princely Gray !
Ye, and your comrades in the fray,
 Are sacred in our sight ;
Know ye, of loyal lives sublime,
Our Southern souls and sun-kissed clime
Are true and tender thro' all time
 To those who fought the Fight.

But, with emotions deep and strong,
That to our loving hearts belong,
To-day we bury Right and Wrong
 Beneath one common pall ;
And bless the brave on honor's roll
Who've reached the radiant Christ-crowned goal
Where peace enwraps each Southern soul
 And glory waiteth all.

Again we from each other go
Our hearts subdued with silent woe
And, in our ling'ring hand-shakes show
 The grief we cannot tell ;

Once more, the Present and the Past
Are linked, by dead and living, fast;
So, praying peace to all, at last,
 We sigh farewell! farewell!

DECORATION DAY.

Behold our Odd Fellows' Order,
 With Fraternity linked in Youth,
To-day all gathered together
 In Friendship, and Love and Truth,
Fair Freindship has won her laurels,
 And Love has subdued the world,
While Truth, with her mighty mandates,
 Has conquered wherever hurled.

And to-day they mingle as brothers—
 Meet with sorrowing hearts
Here in the city of Silence,
 Here, whence no form departs;
With Faith in a full Hereafter,
 With Hope to be thither led,
With Charity unto the living
 And Charity to the dead.

O, welcome each goodly Order,
 O, welcome each brother band
That meets on this sacred mission
 And lends us a helping hand;

O daughters, of blest Rebecca,
In these sad and sorrowful hours,
You, too, join this dearest of duties—
Of strewing the dead with flowers.

We are come, O slumbering loved ones,
Come with the flowers of June,
The spotless rose and the jasmine—
The purest blossoms that bloom—
And lay them down, O lost ones,
As offerings of our love,
As a beautiful chain enlinking
Our souls to the souls above.

So we come, O loyally loved ones,
In th' bursting bloom of the years;
With their best and brightest of blossoms
Enmoisten'd with many-fold tears;
Tho' frailsome and mute reminders,
'Tis all that we now can do
To link the dead with the living,
To link the tried with the true.

We are come, O dearest departed,
Come to your low-made mounds;
Where the soft-voiced Southern breezes
Waft the sweetest, saddest of sounds:
And we mingle our sighs and heart-songs
With th' flower scented summer air
In reverence chant a requiem
To the souls in the Everywhere.

We leave you, O slumbering loved ones,
Leave you to rest and God,
With the friendly flowerets as watchers
Close over your sacred sod;
And we feel, from amid your mansions,
In that mystical Land of Light,
You greet our Odd Fellows' offering—
A tribute of Love and the Right.

LIFE.

O, life, I would live you again,
For the sake of this one sunny day;
I would weep thro' your sorrow and sin
Just to smile the few moments I may;
For an hour full of purest joy
Will live thro' the stormiest day.

In the morning we dream a fair dream,
In the evening 'tis all passed away;
Where all then was glitter and gleam
Are clouds of the gloomiest gray,
And we wonder if such is the world
Still on till the end of our stay!

We would bury our fears and defeats
In the uttermost depths of the heart;
But they're torn from their hidden retreats,
And again and again make us start,
Till our courage seems ebbing away
And, alone, we seem standing apart.

We sigh, and we weep, and we moan,
We're often unjust and unkind,
Because all the seeds we have sown
Are not as we fancied to find—
Because we e'er feel that we must
Submit to a Mightier mind.

'Tis as easy to learn soon as late,
That the good ever blends with the ill,
And to calmly and cololy await
The clouds half our earth-span to fill;
But, may not some clouds be dispelled
By a powerful sway of the will?

There are many great acts and grand thoughts
That spring from the depths of despair,
And the noblest characters wrought
Have the heaviest burdens to bear;
Yet they rise from the slough of despond
The highest of honors to wear.

Then we'll climb to the tall mountain top,
And thrust all the thistles aside,
And steadily rest on the rock
That stands thro' eternity's tide;
Believing the while that the good
Abounds thro' the time we abide.

UP OR DOWN?

Up, or down? is the question grave
That in the quiet cometh to me.
Your better self will you seek to save
From the breakers wild and the sweeping wave,
Or will you sink 'neath the surging sea?

Up, or down? in my heart I ask—
Ay, questions hourly which it may be—
As in the sunbeams I softly bask,
Am I fulfilling my daily task
In the fittest way now known to me?

Up, or down?—in the mental march—
Am I falling back? Am I fighting on?
Am I letting grand possibilities parch
Of a mind that tends to an onward march,
Or, are they climbing from dawn to dawn?

Up, or down?—in the mortal sphere—
Am I forever to choose and will?
Then let me choose, with a trembling fear,
To live with a heart and a conscience clear,
With never an act that is counted ill!

Up, or down?—in the daily fight—
The fearful fight that falleth to all;
In the world's wide view, and its secret sight,
Do I scorn the wrong and uphold the right,
Tho' in the effort I faint and fall.

Up, or down?—does my conscience tend—
Is the higher life of the gods its guide?
Ay, with a will that naught can bend,
It shall lift me up—on up to the end—
To the ranks of those who are deified.

A LIFE PICTURE.

Treading, and treading, and treading
Along the night-curtained street;
Thoughtlessly thronging and threading
The way with their wearisome feet.
Hundreds of hurrying footsteps
Sound on the hollowsome walks,
But every sweet sound and its echo
My life in its loneliness mocks.

The Past, with its piteous picture,
Again from its stronghold is wrung;
And the thoughts, it seems, of a lifetime,
Are trembling now on my tongue.

I see a fair boy—oh, the beauty
That beamed from that same boyish brow.
It seemed that his innocent features
Gleamed there in the gloaming just now;
And his eyes, full of trust and so truthful,
Shone right up again into mine,
And the smile still wreathed the rich rose-lips
That marked him as something divine.

Oh, how proud I was of my darling!
The very soul-thought of my years,
And I watched the wee bud e'er unfolding
With a mother's deep infinite fears;
Till I saw him step—stepping quite slowly—
Away from me, day after day.
And the boy was a boy, soon no longer,
But a man in the manliest ways.

And, again I was proud of my darling,
Proud of his strong, stalwart frame,
Proud of his full, faultless manhood,
Proud of his great future name.

Aye, mothers are always thus hopeful,
And look on the bright sunny side
Of that that's nearest their life-dream,
And there set their love and their pride.

'Twere better, sometimes, were it elseways,
And would save many heartaches and tears;
But this comes with age's deep wisdom,
Which comes but in age's last years.

But I turn again to my story
And shudder e'en now, as I turn;
For the words that in anguish are uttered,
Thro' the folds of the future must burn.

'Tis a picture, O heart-broken mothers,
A picture too true to the life:—
'Tis a precious youth, mothers, while passing
Thro' a whirl-pool of struggle and strife.

A struggle he strove to hide from me,
No matter, how criminal the cost
He would save me, he thought, from his heart's cares ;
Oh, to think for his love he was lost !
For in trying to climb the steep life cliff
He fell—and how fearful the fall
You will know, O sorrowing mothers,
When I have told all—ah ! told all.

He was brilliant and brave and ambitious,
Yet, misfortune seemed e'er by his side,
Till, in the depths of the life-denom—liquor,
He tried all his failures to hide.

And the failures still coming on faster
The drink-passion seemed deeper set,
When one night I awoke from my slumbers—
Oh ! a night, friends, I ne'er can forget—
And there at the door, in the darkness,
Stood men with my darling all white,
And ghastly, and blood-stained and stiffened ;
O friends, 'twas a drunkard's last fight.

Is it strange that we mothers are doubtful
Of all that seems brightest and best—
No matter how great be the promise—
Till the truth of it's put to the test !
Is it strange that the glories of sunlight
Are seen through a mountain of mist,
When the eyes are worn weary from weeping
And crushed where once they were kissed !

I smile in a soft, saddened manner—
Long since have I learned thus to smile—
And I try now to think of my darling
Apart from his guilt and his guile ;
To think of his beautiful boyhood—
Of his frank and winsome boy-ways,
Of a love deep, strong, soul-absorbing
For his mother, thro' all of his days.

My prayers have been sad and unceasing,
A mother's whole soul in the plea,
And ne'er shall they fail in their fervor
Till my being has ceased here to be.
So I trust he's beyond the white portal,
In all his manhood's fresh joy ;
For I feel an all-merciful Father
Is minding a mother's lost boy.

A DIRGE OF AUTUMN.

Gently falling, falling round us
Is the fading autumn leaf,
Bringing with it sad remembrance
Of some day of greatest grief.

Slowly dying, dying round us
Is the shining summer flower,
As it daily droops and withers
Come the thoughts of some sad hour.

Slowly flutt'ring, flutt'ring round us
Is the songster of the spring,
Trilling low his farewell cadence
As the song one used to sing.

Closer—stealing, stealing round us
Is the chill of winter's breath,
As it greets again the mourner
Fresh are heard the sighs of death.

Oh! the crushing, crushing sorrow
Of each lonely, loving heart,
When the warning falls upon it
From your dear ones you must part.

So are falling, falling round us
Autumn's flower and autumn's leaf,
And our tears, as mist, enwrap us
In our great and ceaseless grief.

A SONG OF LIFE.

One by one the roses blossom,
Spreading far their fresh perfume,
Snowy, golden, purple petals—
Oh, how blissful in their bloom!—
One by one the roses wither,
Slowly droop their shining forms,
One faint breath perfumes the breezes,
As they're strewn by summer storms.

One by one the dew-drops sparkle
O'er the mellow blue-grass mead,
Glint and glitter in the sunlight
As from bondage they are freed.
One by one the dew-drops vanish—
Cease to glisten and to glow,
Gone to distant, dazzling cloud-realms,
Leaving burning swords below.

One by one our hopes are brightened
By the cloudless summer sky,
By the light-winged form of Fancy
As she starward swift doth fly.
One by one our hopes are hidden
By the clustering autumn clouds,
Soon, too soon, our whole heart-being
All this gathering gloom enshrouds.

One by one fair faces blossom
Into light and love and life,
Smile and sing in glee and gladness,
Dreaming naught of stain or strife.
One by one they pine and perish,
Once the beauteous and the bright:
Death has chilled the cherished faces—
Gone forever from our sight.

REVERSES.

A little boot-black at the door
Stood on that morn, as oft before ;
With some timidity and pride
He waited for the step inside
And hung his head the tears to hide.

The wind was blowing bleak and chill
As long he linger'd on the sill,
With fingers numb and frosted feet,
That could no longer brave the street,
He waited on—poor Boot-black Pete!

The door was ope'd. “ I came to-day,”
He then began to stoutly say,
“ To do no work, but ask for bread
For those who, by me, must be fed ;
O, Man of Money, give us bread ! ”

“ You good-for-nothing beggar boy !
And do you dare to thus annoy,
While sleet and blast and snow-storm brew—
Dark curses on your craven crew !—
The Moneyed Merchant, Frederick Freu ? ”

The boy heard all without a word,
Thought long and deep before he stirr'd ;
Then turn'd and smother'd one great sigh,
While lurked a look within his eye
That plainly said : “ I'll do, or die.”

Long years have waned; one wintry morn
There stopped a beggar-man forlorn,
A haggard, weary look he wore,
Before a modern mansion door,
He rang, then sank upon the floor.

A footstep quick, and welcome kind
Soon roused the weary Wanderer's mind:
"O, friend of fortune," then he said,
"Behold this aged grief-grav'd head,
And give a dying soul some bread."

"Come in," the cheery voice replied,
"And 'neath my roof rest and abide;
I pray thee, friend, now eat and drink
And of thy troubles no more think
Until the morrow's sun shall sink."

The Western sun was lying low
Beneath a purple, golden glow;
Death hover'd in the evening air
Above the wandering old man there,
Who mutter'd in an undertone,
Between each anguished, dying groan,
"O friend, to you must I atone."

"Years, years ago, when you were poor
I cursed and drove you from my door—
I've ages lived that wrong to rue;
And as I die, I pray that you
May yet forgive poor Frederick Freu!"

HE OWES NOT ANY MAN.

He's just a plain old farmer
A-plodding life's rough way,
Thro' many fields and furrows
A-trudging day by day ;
His face is true and honest,
On God's primeval plan
With eyes that look straight at you,
For he owes not any man.

His heart's a strong and brave one,
And's battled year on year
With trial and wind and weather,
With poverty and sneer :
His money-store is meager,
But he's every bit a man—
A prince, by that proud neighbor
Who pays not when he can.

And, sometimes, when I'm passing,
His honest face I see,
A lesson in contentment
Is written there for me ;
And, when the care-worn faces
Of other men I scan,
I wish each one could utter :—
“ I owe not any man.”

NOTHING GOES HARD WITH ME.

'Twas but a workman on his way
From tiresome toil, to tea;
Yet, in a cheery tone he sang:
“ Nothing goes hard with me.”

I noted well the rough-hewn look,
The awkward, untaught air,
The spade and shovel on his back,
The tangled, unshorn hair.

And these the thoughts that came uncalled
Unto my musing mind—
Where, in the higher walks of life,
Can we contentment find?

Content, in such a great degree,
As this poor workman proves,
Dwells constantly within the walks
Wherein he daily moves.

How many at the toilsome task,
That each new day must bring,
Could learn from this poor laborer
To be content and sing?

And find how light the work would fall,
No matter what it be,
While cherishing the workman's words:
“ Nothing goes hard with me.”

A LEAF FROM HEART-HISTORY.

In the midst of Blue-grass beauties,
Mirth and music, love and flowers,
Where the fountains soft were playing
And their crystals fell in showers,
With the moonlight faintly falling
O'er a wealth of golden hair—
Charming, as the scene around her—
Stood a maiden wondrous fair.

And beside her all enraptured—
As his dark eyes seem to say—
Smiled a glorious type of manhood—
Smiled as sunshine doth on May.
Youth ne'er seemed more kind or comely,
Ne'er a heart more brave or true,
As he graciously addressed her
And his glances longer grew.

So they met—this youth and maiden—
He so fond and she so fair;
Love seemed smiling on the meeting,
Love seemed reigning everywhere.
Words soon lost their passing power,
And a sudden silence fell,
Such as Cupid throws around him,
When he wields his mystic spell.

And the spark that Love had lighted
Kept on growing day by day,
Till a strange and subtle "something"
O'er each heart held surest sway,

So, one eve while slowly strolling
Thro' the meadow dews alone,
Soft he whispered to his darling,
E'er to be all, all his own.

With a woman's deep emotion,
With a woman's love and trust,
There, within the fading twilight
Pledged she all—till dust was dust,
Throbbing with its new-found treasure,
Thrilling with its untold bliss,
All her heart was glad and glowing—
Love had crowned her with his kiss.

Days soon glided into week-tides,
And the lovers fonder grew,
Till the marriage-morn was spoken,
And it near and nearer drew.

Oft he came, and ever lingered
Long and loving by her side ;
Oft avowed that life without her
Were one desert vast and wide.

But, one day a faint, faint whisper
Came—she scarce knew when or how ;
That the heart she fondly trusted
Was most false unto its vow.

Still the warning fell unheeded,
And the slander soon was spurned ;
For with woman's true devotion
She, to worship him, had learned.

Ne'er her faith a moment faltered ;
Ne'er a moment would believe
That the hero, whom she worshiped—
He so saintly—could deceive.

Yet the maiden's sacred love-dream
Soon, too soon was doomed to die,
And her idol, torn and trampled,
All within its ashes lie.

Oh, the horror of that moment,
Oh, the sudden, sick'ning spell!
Oh, the chilling of the life-blood
When the cruel heart-blow fell!
Oh, the misery and the moaning!
Oh, the bitter, scalding tears
Of that soul, engulfed in sorrow
Naught can know but passing years.

Every shining dream was shattered,
Every loving hope laid low ;
All one utter void of darkness,
Where, before, was gladsome glow.

Then, can he who caused that sorrow,
He so seeming brave and strong—
Can his glaring guilt be pardoned?
Can he ever right his wrong?

Will the earth, with all its brightness
Still, for him, in splendor roll,
And his life be light and happy
With this sin upon his soul?

So they met, and so they parted—
He with all his guileful stains—
She—her brightest days all blighted—
Only to her heart complains;
And that heart, all crushed and bleeding,
For a future doth await,
When the God of Love and Justice
Metes to each his fitting fate.

BROWN EYES.

Since their beauty beamed upon me,
They have haunted heart and mind;
Since their fullness faded from me,
Rest nor pleasure can I find.

Oh! how cruel, cold and cutting
Can their silent language be,
And with what exultant feeling
Every heart-pang do they see!

Aye, and trusting, true and tender,
Can their soul-lit glances fall,
Piercing thro' the frail, frail fibers
Of affection's faithless wall:

Oh, those eyes of wondrous splendor,
Glorious as the orbs of night,
Thrilling softly, ah, so softly
Every heart-chord with their light!

Tell me not that this is fancy,
And those eyes hold not the soul ;
Nothing save the stream immortal
From such darksome depths could roll.

There the mind, in glowing grandeur,
Beams from out its cloud of clay,
Rests upon the world and worldlings,
Changing darkness into day.

And the holy, highest archer—
Laughing Love is there enthroned :—
Was there e'er a hopeless heart-life
That beneath this love-dart moaned ?

Ah, you tender, treacherous brown-eyes,
Full of love, and mind, and soul,
I repent it, yes, repent it
That your light e'er on me stole.

But, anon, their gladsome glory
E'en will fade and all be still ;
Of the lives they've blest and blighted,
May the good blot out the ill !

BY MOONLIGHT.

The full-orbed moon sends forth her rays,
For love-inspiring theme,
While, near her throne, with winsome ways,
The stars of Cupid gleam.

Beneath an old elm, at the gate,
Of kind, protecting arms,—
A maiden fair and delicate
And many maiden charms,

Reclines upon a friendly knot,
For weary wanderers kept,
And eagerly—all else forgot—
Waits for a coming step.

List! soon there's wafted on the breeze
That dear, familiar sound,
And, as it nears the old elm trees,
Her heart gives one great bound.

And when she sees his lofty form,
That moon-beams lightly kiss,
'Tis then her heart, by love's wild storm,
Is rent in untold bliss.

She knows no more—but he is there,
The hero of her dreams,
She feels they breathe the same soft air,
Borne from Elysian streams.

The music of his manly voice
Falls sweetly on her ear,
As low he pleads to be her choice—
His lonely hours to cheer.

Her drooping eyes are raised to his—
Their depths the answer speak—
Her heart is throbbing with its bliss,
The roses tinge her cheek.

But soon the soulful dream is o'er ;
The parting hour draws nigh,
The Night her sable veil doth lower—
They see it with a sigh.

And as the moon-beams shyly shine,
Each loving brow to light,
One fond farewell, one murmured " Mine,"
Then whispers of " Good-night."

LOVE'S TOKENS.

Long has it lain all silent,
Within its resting place ;
'Mong mangled flowers and jewels,
Torn gossamer and lace.

'Tis faded, crushed and crumpled—
A little lifeless leaf,
Yet, had it life to utter,
How wild its wail of grief !

She wore it on that evening
While strolling by the lake,
Where the silvery waters echoed
Low whispers as they spake.

'Twas but another heart's-ache
He told, as others tell,
As, side by side, they wander'd
Where the waters rose and fell.

He plucked a rose and twined it
About her flowing hair ;
Near the shining spray of ivy
That closely nestled there.

'Twas a careless little token
Of the love for her he bore ;
But slowly she unwound it,
Then—dropp'd it near the shore.

And thus her silent answer
To the burning words he spoke,
As she turn'd away, and left him
With a heart forever broke.

Still later, on that evening,
In misty, white array,
The fairest 'mong the thousands,
She wore the ivy spray ;

When thro' the throng of glory
There pass'd a shudd'ring sound :
“ The Lord of Rippling Waters
Within the Lake is drown'd.”

One stiff'd groan escaped her,
One gasping breath she drew,
Then all was dark and soundless—
Had flown her spirit too?

On the cloud-enshrouded morrow
All cold and still he lay,
In the festal hall of yestern—
A soulless piece of clay.

And early on that morning,
As wan with memory's woes,
Alone she sought the lake-shore
And grasped—a drooping rose.

Long years have wan'd and wasted,
And to-day she brings to light—
From a tangled mesh of laces—
A leaf she wore that night.

So the faded rose he gave her,
And the leaf, lie side by side;
The bruised and bitter tokens
Of the Lover 'neath the Tide.

ON THE GULF.

I gazed on the great world of waters
That were sobbing on every side,
As sank the sun and the moon arose
Upon the slow-swelling tide:
And I saw many lives around me
Upon that wide, watery bed,
And studied their fresh, changeful faces
While wondering where they led.

There smiled a Madonna-like maiden,
In the brightest blossom of youth,
With the blushes encircling her dimples,
In her tender eye-depths the truth:

And I longed in my soul to clasp her
In a kindly, protecting arm,
And shelter her life forever
From blighted hopes and from harm.

Then over against the strong bulwarks
Stood a fearless young manly form,
That dared the world and its workings
Thro' the calm, the breeze and the storm.
And I read in his deep-set glances,
In the firm-pressed lips unbent,
Of a life of aim and ambition,
Of a soul of highest intent.

And Age was there with his ailings
So helpless and weary and weak,
With the best of life all behind him,
The pallor of death on his cheek.
While near Age's side was a wee one
With life just anew begun,
With the strange wide world all before him,
As a dream at the set of sun.

Still others were grouped there—ah, many,
And each with some goal in view—
Some leading far down to the death-shoals,
Some leading on up to the True,
And my soul cried out in its fullness,
O, great-hearted, dark, surging sea,
How strange are the lives all about you,
And life—what a deep mystery!

THE WORK OF THE FIRE-FIEND.

The moon-beams of midnight shone mellow and pale,
The west wind in fury was blowing a gale—
An evil foreboder of dark coming ire,
When arose on the wind shouts of fire! fire!

The alarm bells are ringing; their tones onward roll,
Breaking mournfully o'er each shuddering soul;
A tumult of terror is burned on each brow,
As hastily is whispered "Oh! what? where? and how?"

Ah! soon comes the answer; for thro' the grim smoke
The flames madly hissing, defiantly choke.
And higher, yet higher, hot clouds kiss the sky,
While man, in his anguish, for respite doth cry.

But vain is his grief, for the old home is lost,
Like the ship of the seamen by wild waters tossed;
The timbers are sunder'd, as the captive's strong chains,
And of structure so stately, but a fire-cloud remains.

The fierce flames are sinking—their fury is spent,
The dark air no longer by fire-darts is rent;
From out the grim ruins, now smouldering low,
Come faint gusts of smoke, and bright embers glow.

Again—for one moment the flames leap on high,
Then falling back earthward, convulsively die;
The first rosey rays of the uprising sun
Mark the work of the demon, *too faithfully done.*

THE EVIL OF THE AGE.

The world moves ever on alike
Thro' old and modern times,
With just the same of goodly deeds
And just the same of crimes:
'Tis claimed that culture lessens crime,
Yet scarcely seems it true,
For, culture but in silence deals
More deadly work to do.

The struggling soul may strive to win
Some honor and renown,
The busy brain may seek to wear
Philosophy's bright crown,
Yet should one rise one mite above
The common ranks of men
'Tis envy that would pull him down
To groveling dust again.

Then wonder there are bitter hearts,
Or wrecked the richest minds,
Or wonder that some souls are soured
Against all human-kind?
The hopeful heart has been estranged,
The searching mind found gall:
And, be he high or be he low,
'Tis envy shackles all.

The glad-souled girl all hope, all dream,
But touches life's first bloom,
When suddenly 'tis torn apart
And trampled in the tomb.

E'en God's own minister is stabbed,
Tho' hidden is the hand
That thrusts the dagger thro' his heart,
And bids him fall or stand.

In trade, in state, in books, in art,
In every age and clime,
Since time and being first begun
And, till there be no time—
This hidden, hurtful, human blot,
This most unholy ill—
The curse, the evil of the age
Is Envy, Envy still.

THE MOST UNHAPPY OF MEN.

For every pure moment of pleasure
There are ages on ages of pain ;
I have felt the truth of this teaching
Over and over again.
I have turned from the world and its wisdom,
With a dull and sickening sound ;
For in every sweet-seeming chalice
The bitterest dregs I've found.

They look with the eye of envy,
As I tread my way through the throng,
And seem to say, as I'm passing—
“ Oh, how to change places, I long ! ”

Yet e'en as they are watching and wishing,
My life is all darkness within,
And I sigh—they know not they envy
The most unhappy of men.

I would be the lowest of beings,
That creep through the world till they die—
The serf, or the slave, or the outlaw,
Or anything rather than I.
Sometimes I think 'twere a mercy,
If man could be made without mind,
And then, perhaps, in his life course,
Some good that was fadeless he'd find.

I would live all alone in a cavern,
Or dwell in the dreariest cell
E're I'd swell the tide of the worldlings,
For I know their miseries too well.
From the human heart in its falseness—
That greater grows every span,—
I turn with a sob and a shudder—
O God! a most miserable man!

If I only could stop this fierce thinking,
Crush thought from this tired, restless brain,
Perhaps there would come a strange stillness
That would lull the keen pangs of this pain.
If it were not too cruel I'd stab it,
This great spreading viper of thought;
And then what relief, O my heart-life,
With a will and a stroke could be wrought!

Thus I weep and I wail in my anguish,
While every high impulse lies dead,
Till I halt with a remnant of reason,
And view all the future with dread,
Then wonder in soul-crushing sorrow,
That will cease—God only knows when—
Why the dark eye of envy should follow
The most unhappy of men.

AU DESESPOIR.

Leah, darling, do you love me—love me now as once you
did—
Love me as I *know* you loved me, when a thought you never
hid?
Darling one, I almost doubt you—doubt the heart that once
was mine,
And the shadows fall upon me, where thy love was wont to
shine.

Oh, how dismal is the darkness, when the clouds enwrap
the day!
Oh, how mournful is the measure that must chant our hopes
away!
Oh, how cruel is the demon that a heart's best love would
crush—
And the soul with sorrow burden, heavy as the midnight's
hush!

Ah! 'tis more than mortal feeling, fused within this mortal
frame,
E'er can bear without the bursting of some hidden fount of
flame,
Where the passions—love and hatred—wildly strong come
welling forth,
Over-rushing right and reason, crushing all that life is
worth.

Some have loved without this feeling, some have never felt
the chill
When a heart has proven heartless, leaving naught the void
to fill.
But with *me*, 'tis woe, 'tis anguish thus to lose the life I
love,
Nor is there a being mortal who so dear can ever prove.

O, my darling, O, my Leah, soul of life and soul of soul,
Can I live without thy heart's love—can such grief endure
control?
Are we severed *now*, *forever*, nor a tendril to entwine
Heart to heart and thoughts together, as when thou wert
mine—*all mine*?

Others now have soft caresses that were once all, all my
own;—
But, sad soul, why thus repining, why thus make thee such
amoan?
For 'tis life to learn reverses and 'tis life to feel their stings,
Nor a touch of sorrow sours us, but some after-sweet it
brings.

Then why mourn my missing heartmate?—thus 'tis ever
with the dear—

That we most caress and cherish, seldom lingers long anear.
Hush, O heart, and let my reason once again assume its
sway!

Cease, O cease this selfish moaning and be gayest of the
gay.

WEARY.

Of my life I'm worn and weary,
Of its course so dark and dreary,
Of its hours so long and lonely,
Of its woes that I know only—
I am weary, oh! so weary.

I'm so weary thinking, thinking,
Thoughts the same together linking;
Not a sound to touch or turn them—
Till the moments seem to learn them—
I am weary, oh! so weary.

I'm so weary yearning, yearning
For a something worth the earning,
For a soul-need in the Ever
That I see, but cannot sever—
Oh! I'm weary, oh! so weary.

And I tire of turning, turning
Leaf on leaf of lofty learning;
Into mysteries tire of diving,
And for fame I tire of striving—
Oh! I'm weary, oh! so weary.

And of doubting and of dreaming,
Of the true, and of the seeming,
Of the vague that dares and daunts me,
Of a heart that ever haunts me—

Ah! I'm weary, weary, weary,

THE LAST SONG OF A SUICIDE.

The cares of life have gathered fast
Within the last few years,
And sickness comes on every blast,
With sorrow, sighs and tears.

'Twas not for me to fight with life
And all its woesome ways;
I feel unequal to the strife,
And, therefore—end my days.

It may seem but a coward's part
I thus, in secret, act;
But be it so, I long to go;—
Then do not bring me back!

Ah! let the potent poison work
Its own weird, ghastly will,
For I would be unchained and free,
Or e'en, at least, be *still!*

Oh, then, my friends—dear friends I pray,
In this last awful hour,
If there's a Power supreme always,
Then leave me to that Power.

LINES TO MRS. L——.

'Twas the brilliant young Star of the South-land,
Who stepped where the dainty lights danced,
Whose regal and rhythmical movements
Attracted, enraptured, entranced.

With a voice sweet, swaying, magnetic,
With an air that all language eludes;
And merry, sad-hearted and wrathful
Was this mistress of all Nature's moods.

As an artist she painted life's phases,
Its sympathies, joys and its woes,
With their shadings of many emotions,
That only a soul-artist knows.

As an artist, with instincts the highest,
So the highest she touched in each heart,—
An artist who makes it her mission
To garnish and glorify art.

O daughter of Grace and of Genius,
With laurels encrowned from afar,
We hail you, in deep admiration,
Our Tragedy Queen and our Star.

ONE EVENING.

The curtains rise: With lightsome tread,
With supple form and well-poised head,
A fairy, from the elfin lands,
In childish grace before us stands.

The scene doth change: A woman old
A bout with youth again would hold,
With measured words to music set,
She steps the stately minuet.

Another scene: The Comic Muse
Right merrily our senses woos,
And all our being for the while
Is broadened into one great smile.

Another change: A pantomime—
“Nearer my God” peals forth the chime,
While tears begin to freely flow,
And spreads a great religious glow.

Again a change: The sculpture rare
From classic Greece is standing there;
Each god and goddess breaks anew
Upon our dazed, enraptured view.

The curtains close: We sit entranced,
Still gazing where the Grecian danced;
Then yield to one of nature's laws—
Burst forth in one prolonged applause.

TWO OR THREE.

I had a dream one moon-lit night,
A dream both sweet and fair,
A vision fraught with loveliness
Stood full before me there.

She spoke in low and winsome tones,
All grace she seemed to be,
And, from a store of kisses rare,
She promised—"two or three."

The vision bright and brighter grew,
As I enchanted gazed,
Till earth seemed Eden all aglow
And gods its glories praised;
And, still bewitchingly she smiled,
As one in greatest glee,
Still from her store of kisses rare
She promised—"two or three."

And then I cried, "Angelic maid,
Oh, tantalize no more;
But bless me with three kisses, dear,
From out your dainty store;
She blushed and hung her head awhile,
Then sweetly smiled on me,
And, from her store of kisses rare,
She gave me—"two or three."

A VALENTINE.

TO DODDY.

Why don't you come,
My Doddy dear,
Why don't you come to me?
For don't you know,
My Doddy dear,
I'm dying your face to see?

Where are you gone,
 My Doddy dear?
Isn't it rude and wrong
To heed not the heart,
 My Doddy dear,
That loves you the live-day long?

But, never you mind,
 My Doddy dear,
Keeping last Valentine's vow;
For I'm sure 'tis the truth,
 My Doddy dear,
Little I care for you now.

WORK AND WAIT.

'Tis somewhere said that all things come,
 However long or late—
To those who have the fullest faith
 And calmly watch and wait;
But I would change, by just a word,
 This long-accustomed way:—
'Tis those who to their faith add work
 That come all things some day.

'Tis not the weak, who sit and sigh
 In idleness instilled,
And all inertly watch and wait,
 Whose wishes are fulfilled;

Nor those who rash and reckless cast
Their fortunes full on Fate—
Not these on whom earth's favors fall
E'en should they always wait.

In every hope-blest heart abides
Some dearly-treasured dream,
Some air or aspiration high
Beyond the common stream ;
And 'tis my faith—to realize
A hand of high estate
In crowning efforts of these hearts—
The hearts that work and wait.

Above us all, about each life
Is something of divine,
That essence of the higher sphere
To which all souls incline,
And 'tis my fond and firm belief:—
E'en this imperfect state,
All will be ours that is deserved
If we but work and wait.

“JUDGE NOT.”

I had a friend, a youth-time friend,
That I believed the truest, best ;
But when a day came to defend
She fell away—just as the rest ;—
And so methought this truth is true—
Judge not—ye know not what ye do.

With dumb, prest lips and aching heart
I bore this burden of a wrong ;
All night it haunted sleep apart,
And pierced and pained the live-day long :
O, human kind, I cry to you—
Judge not—ye know not what ye do.

How strange, the friends in whom we trust,
And those to whom we closest cling—
O, God, the misery!—that they must
Be e'en the first to stab and sting :
And still this solemn trust, so true—
Judge not—ye know not what ye do.

IN MEMORIAM.

Fading and fading and fading
Daily before our eyes ;
Drooping and drooping and drooping
E'en as a lily dies,
And trusting and trusting and trusting
Right into Paradise.

Patient and willing she waited
The spirit its flight to wend,
Praying and praying and praying
For her life-work, and for each friend,
And trusting and trusting and trusting
On to the silent end.

Death thus crept over the threshold
Chilling that heart so warm,
And died the light from the lily—

This lily in human form—
After a long, slow struggle
With life and its stifling storm.

Beloved by all, and e'er loving,
As true as a friend could be,
Thoughtful at all times of others;
And ever ready was she
To cover the frail and the faulty
With the mantle of charity.

Knowing her worth each was better
And earth is better to-day
For the constant, Christian example
Of her, who has passed away;
And sweet will remain her memory
Thro' the ages hoary and gray.

We would grieve for the broken lily—
But is it meet thus to grieve
When He, the all-wise of Fathers
Calleth a soul to leave?—
Wiser it were to rejoice much
As the flowers for her tomb we weave.

Of all the white angels in Heaven
That gather around the throne,
And chant thro' ages eternal
Of the souls that have hither flown
There never was purer or fairer
Than she—who was once our own.



THE CLICK OF THE RUSTIC GATE.

O follow her fair example!
O follow her footsteps true!
And live for the good of others—
Aye, do as Miss Willard would do—
And the holiest blessings of Heaven
Will glorify me and you.

O peace, sweet peace to her ashes!
O rest to her soul, sweet rest!—
We pray as the tears are flowing
For her our bravest and best—
O rest, O light, O glory,
Thou brightest among the blest!

THE CLICK OF THE RUSTIC GATE.

There rises a picture before me—
A picture that's darkened and dim,
And the feelings of youth-time rush o'er me—
A youth-time all hallowed to him.
Again 'tis the hush of the gloaming
And my heart doth all eagerly wait,
As I breathlessly look, and then listen
For the click of the rustic gate.

Anon sound the rust-hampered hinges,
And I smother a great boundless sob,
While a tremor thrills thro' my whole being
Till my heart-strings convulsively throb;

And I feel the glad light of his presence,
As I list to the tread of his feet,
And my soul flows out in its fulness
Its mate and its master to meet.

Ah, sacred—too sacred for mention—
Are words uttered low in the ear—
Too sacred the troth of our soul-lives
For aught but the night-winds to hear.
I know a content fell upon me,
And I tremulous tried then to pray
That the perfect love-peace of that moment
Might prove my sweet portion alway.

Are you waiting the end of my love-dream?
The sobs choke my voice should I speak,
And the tears dim all the white pages
When the cause, to unburthen, I seek.
Yet the moments have merged into ages—
Or ages it seemeth to me—
Since the click of the gate in the gloaming,
That can never, ah! never more be.

Those rapturous hours are all ended,
Those love-days long since died away,
And their memory is all that remaineth
Of my hero, who fell in the fray:
And here, in my lone, loveless chamber
In desolate sorrow I wait,
For silent, forever is silent,
The click of the rustic gate.

I WILL BE TRUE.

Through all the years that yet may be,
I will be true, my love, to thee ;
Through all this mournful life of mine
My heart will ever throb with thine ;
Yes, I will be true, love,
I will be true.

Love's highest, grandest gifts I've found
Since close to thine my heart was bound ;
The nearest that I know of heaven
From thy great soul-life has been given :
Then, I will be true, love,
I will be true.

Thou'st taught me faith, and truth, and trust,
In judging hearts to e'er be just ;
Thou'st taught—all these things far above—
God's greatest gift—undying love.
O, I will be true, love,
I will be true.

How desolate would each day be -
Did thou not give thy love to me !
Then could I from that being turn
From whom the best of life I learn?—
Nay, I will be true, love,
I will be true.

Through all the years that yet may be
I will be true, my love, to thee;
And when we bid our last good-by,
Triumphant, e'en in death, I'll cry—
 Yea; I will be true, love,
 I will be true.

IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

I hear the folks complainin'
 About the world's new ways—
How things ain't as they used to be
 In all them good ol' days;
But when I'm lookin' round me
 An' peace and plenty see,
I'm mighty meek an' thankful—
 It's good enough for me.

W'y, there's ol' wife, an' Martha,
 An' Mary, Bud an' Bill—
As nice a lot of chil'ren
 As any house could fill.
There's plenty in the cellar,
 The barn's full as ken be;
The world's new ways don't bother;
 It's good enough for me.

If folks would quit fault-findin'
 An' stop to think a spell
Of all the Lord has sent 'em
 They'd feel uncommon well.

So, I'll jest stick to the ol' ways,
But all the new uns see,
Take th' world jest as I find it—
It's good enough for me.

THE DAYS ARE DEAD.

All gone! those golden, gladsome days
That filled the heart with flowing joy;
They faded fast, as sunset rays
When clust'ring clouds their fires destroy.

They winged their flight as summer birds,
When first the frost of autumn dawn,
For scarce were caught 'their greeting words
Ere they were gone—forever gone.

But why thus mourn their fleeting flight,
And why repine o'er pleasures fled?
For that most fair unto the sight
Is soonest past, is soonest dead.

THE GIFTS OF A DAY.

A gleam of light from the love-world,
A world of love with the ray,
A smile, a glance and a tender touch—
These were my gifts to-day.

And life, at once, was a joy-realm,—
Its cares all lay at my feet—
And waked in my soul was a wild, glad song,
For living seemed too sweet.

Then straight my heart turned to heaven
With this brief, unuttered prayer :—
When the angels come and guard me on Home,
May these same gifts be there !

THERE'S MORE OF GOOD THAN ILL.

Some days—I've noted well their way—
Things lightly glide along—
Each little task we undertake ;
And some days all go wrong,
And we are prone to then proclaim
How evil reigns ; but still,
If all the ups and downs are told,
There's more of good than ill.

Sometimes the heartaches come o'er quick,
Grief follows closely grief,
And disappointments great and small,
Pursue without relief ;
And oft the stoutest heart grows weak,
And worn the strongest will ;
Yet, when the tears and smiles are summed,
There's more of good than ill.

Sometimes a friend—a dear, heart-friend—
In whom we close confide,
Will turn all suddenly untrue;
Then faith is cast aside.
Sometimes the firmest friend is found
Where least we thought; so still
In friendship, and the heart of man,
There's more of good than ill.

A FRIEND WHO IS A FRIEND.

A friend who's true will show it
In a hundred ways unheard,
Every movement, every action,
Every thought, as every word;
A friend who is a friend, I say,
Proves it in every word and way.

A friend who's worth the friendship
Is a life on which to lean
Even walking closely with us
As a guiding soul unseen:
For a friend who is a friend, I say,
Proves it in every word and way.

And in darkest hours of anguish
And our moments of despair
This heart that's fond and faithful
With its tenderness is there:
Aye, a friend who is a friend, I say,
Proves it in every word and way.

DREAMS FULFILLED.

I dreamed a dream one summer day—
A dream it was of Love's sweet sway,
Of all the happiness he brings
Upon his iridescent wings.

Young was my heart, and brimming o'er
With bliss, that but the young outpour ;
All blessings, all things good and great
I dreamed would come—could I but wait.

Years dawned and died, and all in vain ;
In place of pleasure brought they pain,
Till dreams had changed to dull despair,
And shattered hopes were but my share.

Yet still I waited year on year,
While shedding many a silent tear ;
Till waiting—trusting all the while—
Love turned each tear into a smile.

And life, at last, grew full and fair,
Light with a love from everywhere ;
And in a wise, sweet quiet way,
My dreams are all fulfilled to-day.

MY VALENTINE.

A dainty maid is my Valentine,
As fair as flower is she,
With her gleaming hair
And her eyes so rare—
And she's all the world to me.

A lily-heart has my Valentine,
As true as the truth can be,
And she loves with a will
That naught can still—
Aye, she's all the world to me.

O, a heart divine is my Valentine,
Such as the angels see;
And our souls are one
Till life is done;
For, she's all the world to me.

A WORD AND A SMILE.

Only a smile, but I held it
The livelong day in my heart;
Only a word, but my soul is stirred
And formed of life's purpose a part.

Softly the hours slipped onward,
Swiftly the dull work done,
And over again came the sweet refrain—
A word and a smile make the sun.

The night closed in and I counted
The deeds of that wintry day ;
They number'd a score, and perchance even more—
But a word and a smile smoothed the way.

And methought, if on every morning
Each being would bear in mind
To give some cheer to every heart here,
What a boon to burden'd mankind!

SYMPATHY.

Give to the world some gladness,
Give to the world some joy ;
Give to each soul with its sorrowful dole
Something its grief to alloy.

Share with the world your sunshine,
Share with each heart your grace ;
For little you know of the wearisome woe
That finds in each heart-life a place.

Lift from the lame their burdens,
Lift up the wayward and weak ;
How easy we find—if we're only inclined—
To smypathy give as they seek.

Help with your cheer the strongest,
Help with your hope the fair ;
For many souls grieve whom most we believe
Are happy and free from care.

Give to the world some gladness,
Give it to all mankind;
For the more we give the more we receive,
And the more of Christ-love we find.

MY OTHER SELF.

No matter how it rains and pours,
No matter what the weather—
If sun or snow, or weal or woe—
So we are here together.

Just so my other self is near—
The heart I hold and cherish,
Whose every throb and thought is mine—
All else on earth may perish.

No matter how myself I love,
And chafe at bond and fetter;
Yet come what will, e'en love I still
That other-self the better.

So all our days pass on in peace,
With naught of pain or pouting,
And each to each is all the world,
Without ado or doubting.

HOW MUCH.

How much we find in life to love,
How much to charm and cheer ;
For something of the higher state
Is stamped on each thing here.
How much of kindness in each heart,
How much of constancy
And all the better attributes
That for our blessing be !

How much of good we daily see
In nature's every plan ;
How much of faith and sacrifice
Is daily seen in man !
Yet oft from these we turn aside,
The flaws and faults to find,
Instead of heeding all the while
The good of humankind.

How much our mental mold depends
Upon our constant plan
Of either recking up the wrong,
Or but the right in man ;
And much our whole existence here
Is governed by the way
We con the evil or the good
That cometh with each day.

MINOR CHORDS.

This life is made of minor things,
Of such as each new morrow brings,
 And drift on through the day;
And with the least of thought and care,
In placing ever first the fair,
 We make it bright as May.

If but a bloom of violet,
It will dispel some heart's regret
 And make some sweet, glad thought;
If but a swaying wild-bird's song,
It e'en will quell some passion strong
 And peace bring all unsought.

If but a willing well-meant word,
The tears in some sad soul are stirred,
 And comfort forms its part;
If but a manner bright, sincere,
It e'en will help some lone life here
 And fill with hope some heart.

Our life-song's much made up of these
Events in minor chords and keys
 That seem of import small;
Then why not mind, O friends, the more
The little things in life's great store,
 Which, in the end, make all?

SOMETIMES.

Sometimes—when most I long and try
To please some much-loved friend,
When all is meant
 With good intent—
Sometimes I must offend.

Sometimes—when duty I desire,
And but my duty do,
When every deed
 Is some one's need—
My course I'm made to rue.

Sometimes—when all my soul's deep love
Goes out to some dear heart,
When every thought
 With love is fraught—
Sometimes I'm set apart.

Sometimes—how often 'tis the way—
When doing e'en my best,
Some one will say,
 In thoughtless way,
A word that chills the breast.

Sometimes—some ways—we're all misjudged,
No matter what we do;
But come what may,
 Thro' darkest day
The right I'll still pursue.

HEART STABS.

How many start out in the morning
Filled with the kindest intent;
Yet ere the short day
Has faded away
A stab to some heart have sent.

How many a heart wakens happy,
With the freshness of life all flushed;
When that cruel blow
Stops the spirits' flow
And an innocent heart is crushed.

O friends, ye kind-natured, but careless,
Reck of the wrong ye do,
When plunging in night
The heart that was light
By a thoughtless word or two!

ONE HEART.

There is—of the beautiful things,
Of the blessings that oft to me fall,
Of the lives that have circled with mine—
One heart that I prize over all.

There is—of the true and the tried,
Of the hearts that respond to each call,
Of the friendships, and pledges of faith—
One heart that is truest of all.

Whatever on earth may betide—
No matter what fate may befall—
I know, as I know nothing else—
One heart will be true through it all.

I know, from the first to the last,
Even unto Eternity's shore,
Through the depths and the darkness of death—
One heart will be true evermore.

And, into the realms of the blest—
Beyond the mysterious blue,
E'en so long as divine love exists—
That heart still, I know, will be true.

REGRET.

If we could go back and straighten
The tangled web of the years;
If we could go back and soften
Some of the heartaches and tears;

If we could return and linger
Where faltering footsteps have trod,
How much less for self our service,
How much more of work for God;

If we could caress the forehead,
And kindly kiss the cold cheek;
If we could awake the heart-strings
That no longer for solace seek;



THE FIRST MOCK BIRD.

If th' years could wend their way backward—
The Past and the Present be one—
How much would we do, O, soul-life!
How much would we leave undone!

THE FIRST MOCK-BIRD.

Again I hear that voice so dear,
That voice so full, and fresh, and free;
That seems alone for me to hear,
That seems a heart-balm but for me.

Each year he comes, and sits and sings
Upon the selfsame old pear bough,
And right into my heart he rings
A happiness I know but now.

Each year he comes, and brings, it seems,
A sweeter, brighter, better song;
Each thrilling note awakes new dreams,
And heav'nly hopes rise in their throng.

And so I've learned to watch his ways,
And long have learned to love his voice,
For, oft when darkest are the days,
He makes my sadden'd soul rejoice.

How oft we find as small a thing
As but a mock-bird's changeful song
Will shift the shadows from the spring
And make us glad the live-day long.

ONE SUMMER DAY.

The sun gleam'd bright thro' bends of blue,
Caress'd and kiss'd the ling'ring dew,
A mock-bird felt the thrill and found
A vent for love in sweetest sound—
 One summer day.

A heart was touched and set a-tune,
Immortal love breathed forth, a boon
To light and gild and glad the way
Thro' all this tearful, earthly stay—
 One summer day.

Oh, for a joy divine always!
Oh, for the love of that one day!
The sweet content, the mock-birds sing.
Still thro' my life is lingering—
 Oh, summer day!

WELCOME.

We welcome you, O friends to-night,
 From Camp and calm retreat,
Each brave-souled bent Confederate form
 Right gladly do we greet!
Again as in the years ago,
 Loved comrades in the fight,
With silent, mournful clasp of hands
 Their broken bands unite.

We welcome you, O Daughters, fair,
Of fathers of much fame;
Each has a passport to our heart
Thro' a noble father's name.
You come, as brilliant summer flowers,
To represent our brave,
And, as the true unto the true,
We welcome to you wave.

O welcome, Sons of Veteran sires,
Sons of the heroes slain,
Full well your fathers fought and fell,
On many a height and plain;
And for their sakes we greeting give,
Then greet you for your own;
For each is worthy of that sire
Now marked by battle-stone.

We welcome you, O Veterans grand,
Proud remnant of the Gray,
With pride we grasp each withered hand
And bless, with us, your stay;
Our hearts swell high with loyal love
For each Confederate brave,
Who sacrificed his home, his all
Our Southland's Cause to save.

Ye gallant, honored, war-scarred few
Of all that sacred trust
Our reverence and our prayers are yours
Till dust commingles dust;

And when some day you've all marched home
To meet your comrade band,
We'll mourn the truest, bravest, best
Of all our Southern land.

Thrice welcome, all ye Veterans Gray,
This sacred summer eve,
'Tis half in smiles and half in tears
Your presence we receive.
The pain and sorrow of the past
Are with the present yet,
And tho' we try to *bury all*—
We cannot—quite—forget.

And tho' we speak in accents sad
And sorrow fills our voice,
We would, O valiant Veteran Grays,
Bid you, in peace, rejoice;
And tho' we come all tearfully—
As oft the tender do—
Remember that our woman's heart
Most warmly welcomes you!

BROKEN HEART-TIES.

The gift you gave is long since broke—
Seared by the soulless words you spoke;
The shattered bonds now lowly lie,
And with them fondest hopes all die.

O, for the woe so sudden sent ;
O, that the ties so rudely rent—
Could once again by love be bound,
Then bliss, in truth, I would have found.

THE WORLD MOVES ON.

What yesterday was someone's joy,
Or to-day is someone's shame,
To-morrow lies 'neath new events—
The shadow of a name.

Each one believes that all the world
Is watching his small part—
His blooming or his blighted hopes,
His glad or broken heart.

How little heed is given these,
If we could realize,
Would change some of our thoughts from earth
To thoughts of Paradise.

UNFORGOT.

Forget thee? No! While faith is mine
I'll cling to thy fair face ;
My every deed, and thought divine
Thy image doth embrace.

Forget thee? No! While hope and love
Entwine us heart to heart,
And naught beneath the bending skies
My soul from thine can part.

Forget thee? No! While life is mine—
No matter where I be—
In Arctic's snow or Africa's shine,
Thou'rt not forgot by me.

TO ONE AWAY.

When daylight is waning, my dearest,
And I dream in a half-wistful way;
When quiet its vigil is keeping—
Then, dear, you seem by me to stay.

When some days dawn gently and joyous,
With never a toil or a tear,
And my heart is all lightsome and loveful—
Then, dearest, I know you are near.

And often, when hope seems unfettered
And further and further to flee,
When sorrows come closer and closer—
Then, dear, you seem nearest to me.

And time after time when the shadows
Have hidden the good and the true,
And life seemed a long, lonely burden—
Then, dearest, I've turned unto you,

And swift came your soul, as in answer,
By right of some power divine ;
So I know, dear, through day and through darkness,
Your spirit guards constantly mine.

And my life, by your love, is uplifted,
As daily it groweth in grace ;
And when this time-course is completed
O, still by my side keep your place !

OVER THE WAY.

Over the way is a pair of blue eyes—
Blue as the bending vault above,
And my heart goes out in a glad surprise,
As I, someway, feel it very wise
That we're commanded our neighbors to love.

Over the way is a pair of rose lips—
Rosy as life in its faultless dawn,
And a humming-bird oft their sweetness sips
As the maid caresses its feather-tips—
O happiest bird of the blossomed lawn !

Over the way is a soft, sweet voice
Such as the angels are calling in,
And my heart cries out to its only choice
With the fervent trust to, for aye, rejoice
In the noblest prize that a man may win.

Over the way is a womanly heart,
With a woman's courage the world to face,
With a noble nature to do her part
(Tho' the task cause often the tears to start,)
With a woman's will and a woman's grace.

Over the way is a busy young brain
That seems my innermost soul to know,
For it helps me up to a higher plane
Than ever I else could hope to gain
With this fallen nature, my ceaseless foe.

Over the way—I sigh and say—
There is my heaven of hope and heart;
She silently points to the safest way,
And of the life I am leading to-day
My thoughts of her are the better part.

Over the way—it seemeth to me—
Of womanly souls is the one most true—
The noblest, the purest, the best, is she,
And is all man wishes a woman to be
While striving his share in life to do.

O, womanly love, to light me on
Thro' the darkest days of our earthly span,
Would I go astray? Would I dare do wrong,
With her—so seemingly weak, yet strong—
Forever upholding her fellow-man?

NO MORE.

(In Memory of Capt. Emmet L. Ross.)

No more! the bells toll, toll, no more!
Another great soul gone,
In all the majesty of life,
Cut down, as flowers at dawn;
Without a warning word he went
To meet his Judge, his God,
And he so honored and beloved
Sleeps 'neath the summer sod.

No more! Another hero falls
With face unto the foe;
A gallant chieftain in the cause
That wrought the South such woe.
As brave in war, so brave in peace,
And good and true as brave;
Full many will the tear-drops be
That fall upon his grave.

No more to meet familiar friends
With bright and beaming eye;
No more to clasp the friendly hand
In welcome or good-bye;
The genial look and smile are gone
That often went to bless,
And all must miss the royal Ross—
The Poet of the Press.

No more to hear the winsome words,
As rippling waters fell,
From one most gracious in all gifts
That poesy can tell.
Will any feeling heart forget
“The Sock that Baby Wore?”
He’s gone to join that shining one
On life’s eternal shore.

No more! the saddened songsters sigh—
We’ve lost one of our peers;
His sweet soul-verse no more will bring
Forth laughter and then tears;
His brilliant pen is palled and still,
His thoughts all hushed to rest,
And man, perhaps, of them has lost
The purest, brightest, best.

No more on earth to meet, no more!
Then toll, ye woe-bells, toll,
Send forth thy saddest requiem
For this grand, gifted soul;
And let the sons and daughters true,
Of Mississippi State,
Chant dirges for departed Ross,
Who lived and died—The Great.

GROWING TOGETHER.

Growing together, day by day,
He of September, she of the May,
Ever their hearts with love atune,
Joyous their lives as days of June.

Growing together—hearts and minds,
Each unto each, responsive finds;
How lightly falleth the weight of life,
When growing together—man and wife!

Growing together, e'en in age,
Full, unto ripe, the last life-stage,
Sleeping together under the sod,
Growing together still—with God.

SWEETHEARTS.

'Tis said 'tis ever a pretty sight
To the aged heart, as the young,
To sweethearts see
Who lovingly
Speak more with eyes than tongue.

A sight to feast e'en the angels fair
Is the innermost love of youth—
Half bold, half shy,
And imbued wholly
With the very soul of truth.

Aye, a goodly sight, O life of life,
Is a sweetheart's first-love plight;
But e'er to me,
Of scenes I see,
The sweetheart-husband and sweetheart-wife
Is by far, the prettiest sight.

THE LITTLE THINGS.

There are vast events that startle and 'stound
By sudden ends gained or lost;
But, O, my heart, 'tis the little things,
With their 'suaging sweets and stubborn stings,
Which count up, at last, the cost.

A careless word and its tone are oft
The keynote of character,
And a lifelong work cannot efface
The thoughtless word that has left its trace
On all that may aft' occur.

The smallest act, e'en, will indicate
The depths of a soul deep-wrought;
And we sometimes find, from an accident,
The real in a life before unbent,
The divine where least 'twas thought.

'Tis my careful custom and constant creed
To note more the still than the sounding deed,
There to search for sincerity;
And thro' life's phases those best I find—
Of noblest nature and noblest mind—
Who to little things give heed.

So the little hopes and the little fears,
And the sometime joys and the sometime tears,
 Soon the fulness of life decree;
And the wee good deeds begun while below
Will gather and gain and continue to grow
 Till they reach to eternity.

AN IDYL OF THE SPRINGS.

I gazed where nature sat enthroned
 Upon the green-hued heights,
 A dream I dreamed
 That sweeter seemed
 Amid these soulful sights.

A dream of love, all sanctified
 By nature's smile divine,
 While thro' its throng
 Of sweets the song
 Of mock-birds sought to twine.

And there, methought, 'mong fern and flower,
 And half-hid nook and stream,
 And kissing breeze—
 Among all these
 Lives Love, the one, supreme.

For what were life without this love?
 And hearts that know it not?—
 Earth's best they lose
 Whose hearts refuse
 The love that is their lot.

So nature doeth well her part
To bring forth all that's best
Of humankind,
Both heart and mind,
And leaves to man the rest.

THE VOICE.

There is a voice, a silent voice,
That's heard but in my heart,
And yet, of all my busy life,
It forms a potent part.

It comes when silence dense and deep
Reigns in my heart, supreme;
It comes when realistic life
Just borders on to dream.

And e'er in accents all distinct,
With never trace or clew,
This mute, unerring, mystic voice
Defines what I shall do,

And oft repeats—the little ills,
The crosses and the care
Are but the contrasts and the shades
To all the joys we share.

And that 'tis best—though unbeliev'd—
Whatever fate may send,
That good and ill are intertwined
For some purpose—some wise end.

MY PREFERENCE.

You may talk of the fine, finished adept in art,
Of the beauteous sorceress of song—
You may talk as you please
Of their grace and their ease,
And the praise of their efforts prolong :

You may laud to the stars the master of mind,
The cunning of accent and speech,
Let plaudits arise
To the dome of the skies
For the art and the action of each ;

And while filling the world with a wonder and awe,
Not here is full heart-faith oft' found—
Then e'er for my part
Give the tired and true heart
That with Christ-love is constantly crowned ;

That liveth each day an unselfish, sweet life,
That thinkest of each one the best ;
And, as they unfold,
Each thought is pure gold,
And in keeping with all of the rest.

With never an accent accounted unkind,
With ever the heart-touch that cheers ;
O, if there were more
Who the Christ-jewel wore,
How much fewer the heartaches and tears !

SUMMER SUNSHINE.

A dainty bit of sunshine she,
The very brightest that can be,
A-sparkling here and sparkling there
And leaving sunshine everywhere—
O gladsome summer-girl!

Her heartaches all are left behind,
And hearts anew she seeks to find;
She casts all care far out at sea
And brings but bliss to you and me—
O happy summer-girl!

Then turn ye not with doubtsome smile
From her whose soul is free from guile,
Whose girlish spirit God intends
Shall charm and cheer where'er He sends—
O sweet-souled summer-girl!

So peeping in and peeping out
And making better all about,
As glad and gay as summer song
E'en strewing sunshine all along
Is she—O summer-girl!

DECREE NOT ALL TO DESTINY.

Sometimes a nature, deeply soul-endowed,
Is called to do some deed accounted great;
And by this wondrous will mankind is bow'd,
And nations startle at such vast estate;
Yet sayeth some—'Tis Destiny.

Sometimes a nature tender and sweet-strung
Gives vent to grandest symphony and song
And with this heaven-born gift, all holy sprung,
The masses sweeps, and holds enthralled the throng:
Yet sayeth some—'Tis Destiny.

Sometimes a nature all surcharged with good,
Hath wrought unfading works for pious praise;
And, for the world's uplifting, willing would
E'en sacrifice the best and brightest of his days:
Still sayeth some—'Tis Destiny.

O, friend, why not to thy fellow-friend accord
The greatness and the goodness of his deeds?
And why not give to Genius, God-endowed,
The purest justice—for which he constant pleads?—
For Genius is not Destiny.

O, friend, it is not chance that chains us here,
Not accident nor incident that bounds and binds;
But 'tis the God-gift that doth thence appear
And by its own fell force an outlet finds:—
Decree not all to Destiny.

THE LAST MARECHAL NIEL.

It came, as oft cometh kind tokens,
From the hand of a fond-hearted friend,
Just bearing and breathing this message;
“'Tis my Marechal Niel I now send.”

It came with its warm wealth of sunshine,
It came with its great shower of gold,
And said I, O radiant Rose-Queen,
What joy in your heart you must hold—
 O, the glad little song
 That must leap all along
From the happy, full heart you enfold!

O offspring of sky and of sunset,
With their glow and their glitter and gleam,
You were crowned by the High Hand of Heaven
As the queen of Divinity's dream;
And while trailing your rare golden garments
O'er the grounds of the loveful and leal
You caught up their own priceless perfume—
And bring it to me—Marechal Niel—
 O, the heart-balm you bring
 As I close to you cling,
O lovely and last Marechal Niel.

So methinks e'en the least little creature,
Methinks the least line of God's plan
Is placed here for purpose and pleasure
And all for the uplift of man.
'Tis so with the brooks and the blossoms,
And the birds with their plaintive appeal!
Each mite has its God-given mission,
And so—with this last Marechal Niel—
 O joy is your way
 Your golden gleams say,
O loyal, last rose, Marechal Niel!

THE BABY IN BLUE.

There came to my door one morning
A bonny-eyed babe in blue,
How saucy and sweet
From head unto feet
Looked this fair little figure in blue!

'Twas a picture to bless and brighten
The hungriest heart of hearts,
This wee bit of blue,
With great eyes so true,
With cunning and countless baby arts.

I gazed on the beauteous being
'Neath her bonnet of baby blue,
And mused on the mind
That was there enshrined
And longed, in my heart, to hold it true.

And I said, while softly caressing
This star of the angel throng,
O, dear little one,
From the realms of the sun,
Forever linger with us along.

O, know not we all some treasure,
In the beautiful baby-land,
Where flawless and fair,
As a jewel rare,
It giveth gladness to some home-band!

THE FIRST HYACINTH.

It timidly raised its fair little face,
I tenderly touched its brow,
So cold and so white,
From the frosty night,
It shivered and shrunk in its bidding place.

And tho' by passers all day oppressed,
Tho' pinched by the cutting cold,
Yet day after day
It worked up its way
Till it burst in beauty—by all confessed.

What dreams it foretold of the spring-tide days;
What promise of perfect joy
When the May-time sun
Calls to life—not one,
But a thousand flowers in a thousand ways!

O hail! little hyacinth, pure and white,
An omen of warmth are you!
From your snug bed of snow
Your waxen cheeks glow
And bid us abide the coming light.

Another life-lesson I've slowly learned
From the ways of this wintry flower:
With purpose and will
The frailest may fill
Some lone heart's need, and to help be turned.

THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

An angel op'ed the jeweled door
Of Christ's celestial span
And this the message sweet she bore
Unto the heart of man:
From shore to shore the wide world o'er
Peace and good will to man.

And every tongue throughout the earth
Took up the tidings old,
And everywhere the joyous birth
Again was gladly told
Till peace was felt and good will dwelt
In every shepherd's fold.

The stars caught up the solemn sound,
That sped throughout their span,
Till one triumphant peal went round
The realms of God and man,—
And so this day full joy hath sway
Within the heart of man.

And still the angels chant and chime
The tidings ever dear,
That Christ, the great white Christ sublime,
In holiness is here
And all doth bless, in tenderness,
With peace, good will and cheer.

IT SEEMETH THUS.

The days drifted by
Seem ever most blest,
The furthest ones flown
The balmiest, best—
Aye, the older they grow
The better they seem,
As something soft-pictured
That's drawn in a dream.

I turn to a face
In its framing of white—
The yield of the years
For e'er taken flight;
I list to the words
Of the face in th' frame
As she dwells on the deeds
Of her daring grand-dame.

Of the fearless girl-feats
Performed years ago,
When the star of some State
Was beginning to dawn;
Of gay feasts and frolics
That fell to her share—
As such, of the present,
Can never compare.

How deftly she touches,
In quiet, quaint way,
On the modes and the manners,
And men of her day!

How the time-faded features,
In setting of white,
Glow with graces anew
As the past leaps to light!

The wild-flowers bloomed brighter
And more, seemed to bring,
The birds, all unfettered,
Seemed sweeter to sing,
And the green of the fields,
The blue of the sky
Were greener and bluer
In days drifted by.

How humanity's heart
Was untrammelled and true,
And pioneers lived
For the good they could do—
So seemeth to age,
As reaching near rest,
The days long agone
Are ever the best.

BOYS, TAKE YOUR MONEY HOME.

Boys, take your money home,
Don't wildly waste it here
On drink and cards, and something worse—
Poor substitutes for cheer!

How little pleasure in the end
Can low-bought vices bring ;
How bitter is their after-taste,
How deadly is their sting !

Boys, take your money home,
That you so nobly earned ;
Nor spend one penny in a cause
Less noble ; proudly spurn
The tempter, and temptation's wiles,
That wait on every side,
And turn, O boys, to better things,
And firmly there abide.

Boys, take your money home,
To some fond mother-heart
That sobbed in silent mother-woe
When you were doomed to part.
O boys, your mothers need your help
In many walks and ways,
Just as they need your strong young love
To light their darksome days.

Boys, take your money home,
To some sweet sister dear,
Whose little wants, if you but knew,
When filled, would give such cheer
Unto your heart, as ne'er you found
From smoke, or dice, or drink ;
Then, O brave boys, give heed, I pray,
Stop short awhile, and think.

Boys, take your money home—
To some fair, girlish hand
That e'en, perchance, is promised you,
And bound by love's strong band.
And so she trusts and longs and looks
For your safe-coming soon;
Then save it for your sweethearts, boys,
Who'll prize this brave-bought boon.

Boys, take your money home,
E'en for your own life-needs,
Or do with it some goodly deed—
Plant flowers instead of weeds.
Ye answered well your country's call,
As only manhood can;
Then, boys, take your money home,
And be ye each a man.

THE FRIEND THAT I LOVE BEST.

Sometimes the most harmonious heart
Bides in the calmest breast;
Sometimes from one that laugheth least
Reap I the rarest rest;
Sometimes I find
One of my mind,
And kind, and kind—
The friend that I love best.

O, joy of love, O friend of friends,
'Tis yours, my life hath blest,
'Tis you, for others, make amends,
Where cruel, you caress;
And, ah! 'tis you
The cycles through
Who're true, who're true—
The friend that I love best.

God gave to you a great white soul,
Of god-like gifts possessed,
And, oh! the lives that better be
Because you've bound and blest;
Oh! were it so
That each below
Might know, might know,
This friend that I love best!

THANKSGIVING.

We thank, O High, for faces kind
That daily in our walks we find,
For gem on gem of mind and heart
That glitters in this human mart
And for each sympathetic smile
That helps the lonely hours to while—
We thank, O High!

We thank, O High, for songs of bird,
That in our clime are ever heard,
For fragrant flowers that constant nod
A recognition, as from God,
For softest sunshine that unites
Our lesser with thy greater lights—
We thank, O High!

For love of friends—that blessing rare—
Which thro' this year has been our share,
For countless kindly words and deeds—
Such as each clinging nature needs,
For all that's noble on this earth,
To which the year has given birth—
We thank, O High!

For peace, sweet peace, that now encrowns
Where dwelt, erstwhile, war's darkest frowns,
For graces tender and untold,
For mercies granted manifold,
For Thy protecting, constant care
That's followed thro' the Everywhere—
We thank, O High!

OTHER DAYS.

How dear the thoughts of other days
Through varied form and phase;
And come what may,
Still sweet are they—
The dream of other days.

How fragrant is the long-dead flower
Fall'n from forgotten book,
 How cluster 'round
 This flower I found,
Rare smile and word and look!

How precious is the yellow page
Of these heart-written lines;
 Long lain away
 From light of day,
Still clear their love-life shines.

How bonny is this wee, brown curl,
Just from its silken case;
 O heart, alack!
 It takes me back
To memory's best loved place.

There's much—just treasured trifles, please—
Within my casket stays;
 O aching heart,
 Call Time apart,
And ask for "other days."

THE SONG OF THE FALLING LEAVES.

We sing you a song, said the Leaflets,
Aglow with their crimson and gold,
 We swirl and we swing,
 As the birdlings awing,
 And we sing and we sing
As we fall to our rustling fold.

We sing of the great Heart of Nature
That keepeth a corner for all;
For the least little leaf
When given to grief
Finds relief, O relief
In that mother-heart open to all.

We sing of the great Soul of Nature
Who turns where the tiniest lie,
And watcheth their ways
Thro' the disk of their days;
So we praise, O we praise,
With our whole little hearts, O ye High.

We sing of the great Law of Nature—
The fairest and firmest must fade—
That here, as we rest
On our mother-earth's breast
It is best, O 'tis best
That together at last all are laid.

Still singing the leaves of September
Aglow with the gleams of the West;
And O, if mankind,
With his masterful mind,
Such sweet faith could find,
He, too, would believe—all is best.

LOVE THE JUST.

Upon that rare and roseate morn
When Love—immortal Love—was born,
An image sweet and fresh and fair
Was stamped for aye, on all things there;
An element that breathes and bides
Thro' all the changeful human tides,
And from its very nature must
Make all things for the dear one just—
For love is just.

O Love, ye watch with wakeful eye
Thy heart's dear one afar and nigh,
And fondly, firmly turn aside
What e'er may darken or divide.
O Love, ye guide and guard with care
Thy dear one's footsteps everywhere
And judge e'er generously and just
The heart that's tended to thy trust—
For love is just.

O Love, ye wisely weigh each word
As from its fountain-source 'tis stirred,
And from the spirit—nothing less—
Ye mark thy loved one's loyalty.
O Love, e'en as the ocean blue,
Broad is thy breast, thy instincts true;
On all ye utter, think and feel
Fair Justice sets her sovereign seal—
O Love is just.

LOVE THE BLIND.

Through endless ages of heart-lore
This truth I ever find,
When love is full and brimming o'er
Then love is strangely blind,
And as it strengthens more and more
O, love grows blind.

Though others vast shortcomings see,
No fault hath love to find ;
Though others e'er in wonder be
At aught these hearts can bind,
Yet love lives on in ecstasy—
For love is blind.

Perfection sets her fair impress
On feature, as on mind,
And daily beauties bloom to bless
The soul that's here enshrined ;
'Tis one long dream of loveliness—
O, love is blind.

The hours glide on as gleams of gold,
The moments as the wind,
Each seems a sweeter joy to hold,
And time seems all too kind,
And ne'er a folly doth unfold—
For love is blind.

No little deed, but's rarely done,
No look can be so kind;
No word could be improved upon,
Such smile! no mortal find;
No heart, as this, was ever won—
O, love is blind.

So long as love fills full the heart,
So long this truth I find:
The brightest and the best of art,
The gifted most of mind
Could ne'er another grace impart—
For love is blind.

LOVE, THE DEIFIED.

It brings forth all that's best in man,
And ever so—since life began;
The breakless bond that binds these souls
To those, where time eternal rolls;
The one heart-dream that never dies,
One truth that Fate fore'er defies;
'Tis strong and silent, deep and wide—
Such is Love, the Deified.

The kindest of all moral code,
The one relief for life's o'er-load,
The noblest recompense for wrong,
The mightiest of emotions strong,

The grandest of the gods e'er preached,
The highest of the heights e'er reached,
The likest God this Heaven-side—
Thus, O Love, the Deified.

We praise, O love, the just, the blind—
For Love of every class be kind;
We praise, O Love, the Deified
For boundless blessings strewn awide;
We praise, O Love, thy fervent flow
Into these hapless hearts below;
We praise, O Love, thy righteous reign
With never blemish, blot or stain;
Where pure and perfect lives abide,
There dwells Love, the Deified.

A LOVE SONG.

Swaying and singing, a mocking-bird,
And thus was the soul of the song I heard—
O love, O love,
From the blue above,
From the gleaming sheen
Of the leaflets green,
From each flower-heart you leap, O love.
Over and over I heard his song,
And floated this fancy along, along;
E'en hidden away
For some sorrow-day
In every crevice wherein can stray
Is the essence of life in thyself, O love.

And this the reason the winds caress,
And this the reason the blue waves bless,
And this that maketh our burdens less,
 And bearable all
 From great to small
The griefs that frequent to each must fall—
'Tis thine to help and to heal, O love.

Still swaying and singing the South-born bird ;
And, oh, the pity that never word
 Of his own, his own,
 In trembling tone,
Of the heart-thoughts hoarded from every zone,
Can be uttered for thee, O love, O love !

SPIRIT TO SPIRIT.

'Tis strange how we're given to speaking
 Thro' space to the heart of our heart ;
'Tis strange how the soul e'er is seeking
 In silence its loved counterpart ;
So oft in my musings I wonder
 How all this mind-mystery can be ;
 Tho' distance unseen
 Is often between,
I know when you're thinking of me.

Lurk your thoughts in the mists of the morning,
 Or glide through the golden noon-tide,
Or watch in the day's dusky warning,
 Or float with the moon, side by side,

There's a spirit within this soul-bondage
That bringeth each message to me;
So wherever you go,
O beloved, I know
Whenever you're thinking of me.

Then think of me early and often,
O, think of me tender and true,
O give me the best of your being
And the best I will give unto you:
Thus only is life the exalted,
Thus only God's bidden may be;
For I know, tho' afar,
O my soul's guiding star,
Whenever you're thinking of me.

AFTERWARD.

After the hurt and the heartache,
After the piercing pain,
With the bitter cup
We dumbly take up
All our dull duties again.

I've seen a soul in a sorrow
That seemed no being could bear;
Yet, in after-days,
From the death-blow daze
That soul e'en a smile could wear.

A lesson in this of the future,
A lesson of life divine—
It teaches, I deem,
Of one Soul Supreme
Who softens your heartaches and mine.

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.

Forever underneath the care
And crosses that I constant bear
There is a low, sweet, soothing sound
That helps the hands to glide around—
All things seem easy in my sight
From early morn till late at night—
Because—I love you.

What wonders by this love are wrought
Upon my every word and thought!
What power it hath but good to prove
In every human life I love!
What happiness my heart doth hold
That never, never can be told—
Because—I love you.

Above the world's broad, busy throng
I hear the soulful mock-bird's song,
Throughout the day's distracting din
The breath of flowers comes creeping in,
And through man's speech of studied sting
Full oft a jeweled thought finds wing—
Because—I love you.

And so life's frequent jolt and jar
Are sunk in something higher far—
The strong love-current of my soul
That keeps me safe beyond the shoal,
So ever, and forever more
There's something sweet for me in store—
Because—I love you.

HE'S DONE THE BEST HE CAN.

There's many a lone unlettered man
Who trudges thro' life's turn,
Blamed on all sides for lack of that
He had no chance to learn.
He's pitied here, and pelted there,
As beast instead of man,
While doing in his own dull way
The very best he can.

He tills and toils, but reapeth not,
He plans, but ne'er improves,
And as the years move slowly on
More slowly e'en he moves ;
Yet patiently he plods along,
'Neath burdens and 'neath ban,
And tho' his conscience be most crude,
He does the best he can.

Each mind is of a different mold,
Unlike each single soul,
And that which grants but good to one
Another's doom may toll;
He does as he deems wise to do;
Then blame not any man—
When looking at all things in this light—
He does the best he can.

And who shall say all is not well,
When he this life lays down,
And that his soul will never wear
Eternity's bright crown;
For would a wise, benignant Power
Reverse his every plan
To punish one all filled with flaws,
But's done the best he can?

HEROES OF TO-DAY.

Vanquished though heroic ages,
Heroes are among us still,
Daring, as in days chivalric,
Dauntless as the wildest will.

Hail to Richmond Pearson Hobson!
Hail, thou bravest of the brave!
Hail to him, who faced the fatal
Fire of Spain, his fleet to save!

Straight into the warring waters,
Straight before the fiercest foes,
To his duty, self-sought, deadly,
Straight and steady, on he goes.

See! the Merrimac is sinking!
Hark! a death-blow unto Spain!
And behold the hero, Hobson,
Leaps and lives, and safe again.

Cheer on cheer flies seaward, skyward,
Shouts from friend and foe, as one,
For but once in countless ages,
Such a daring deed is done.

Proudly, Southrons, sound his praises,
Gladly glorify his name;
For that feat will shine forever
On the fairest page of fame.

THE WAYS OF WAR.

Furl your flag, in speed, O Spaniard,
Sheathe the sword within its shield,
Quell your impotent, wild passions,
For this nation will not yield.
Think you that God's best and bravest
E'er will stoop or bend the knee
To a Spain, or to a Spaniard
With a Dewey and a Lee!

Think you that this august Nation—
While 'tis kindness to the core—
Will submit in arms to any
On the sea or on the shore?
Staunch and loyal is our manhood,
Staunch our womanhood as well,
And our truest test of union
Cometh with your funeral knell.

While your aims are darkest, direst,
And your ends are Doom and Dread,
Where you sought to sink and sunder
You have made us one instead,
So the Northland and the Southland
Now all lovingly join hands.

While the East and West together
Are enbound by brother-bands,
And the great hearts of this Nation
Throb together, as but one,
While the bond will grow still stronger
Till, O Spain, this war is done.

THE BANNER OF THE FREE.

Unfurl, ye brave, beloved ones,
The Banner of the Free
That Southland's daughters, tried and true,
Again present to ye.

The nation's emblem and its pride,
The glory of our land—
Oh, keep it fair, ye freemen tried,
As when it pressed your hand!

See! how it waves in proudest state
Above our country's foes,
And bids ye bravely scorn their hate,
So wrought with wrongs and woes.

Behold! the banner brightly rise,
And kiss the April breeze,
In sovereign triumph greet the skies
With Freedom's firm decrees.

Press on! press on, ye noble ones;
Huzza for Fitzhugh Lee!
With "Country" for your battle-cry
'Neath th' Banner of the Free.

PEACE AND PRIDE.

Aye, Peace has been our motto—
E'en peace at any price,
Th' uplifting of our people
And not their sacrifice;
So to-day, of all the nations
That stand forth great and strong,
Our own, by peace has prospered
Till it leads the goodly throng.

But with offended honor,
And insult to a Lee,
Our brave sea-bounded nation
Steps forth in majesty;
And woe unto the wicked!
And woe to treachery;
For our country's fiercest feelings
Are aroused for loyal Lee.

A million hearts are ready,
And a million hands await
The signal for avenging
Our Consul Lee and State;
But, may the stroke be steady,
And strike home to the core;
Then may sweet Peace right gently
Enwrap our realm once more!

KEEP QUIET AND ALL WILL BE WELL.

I have found, in the many-fold phases of life,
Where things oft go wrong and awry,
Where the one way to please we can never quite know,
No matter how hard we may try—
I have found, after long, fruitless effort and search,
(As the heart-wounds e'en oftener fell)
When people abuse,
And trying's no use,
Keep quiet and all will be well.

I have learned, tho' a long, bitter lesson to learn,
When those whom I trust turn away,
When hard, hurtful words all uncalled for have come
From the lips I had loved all the day—
I have learned, tho' the heartaches seemed more than my
share,
And the misery a heart's dying knell,
When the tears dim my eyes,
And wrathful words rise—
Keep quiet and all will be well.

So it seems—O friend, seems it not so to you?
That if life be worthy great love,
How much better 'twould be, as we clearly can see,
To borrow some trust from above;
Believing the best, not the worst, that is said,
Believing that kindness will quell,
And believing still this—
Come what may amiss—
Keep quiet and all will be well.

LOVE'S LABOR.

To smooth out the ragged, rough places,
To straighten the tangles and ties,
To gently respond
With a heart full and fond—
'Tis here some of Love's labor lies.

To willingly watch o'er the wayward,
To lift up the weary and weak,
To freely fulfill
The wise Father's will—
All these Love's labor will seek.

To lull the wild tumults and longings
That surge as a sea of unrest
Thro' the lives of the few
Who are dearest and true—
This the labor that Love liketh best.

To search for and soften the heart-hurts,
To drive from the desolate soul
The anguish and grief
That will give it relief—
'Tis Love's labor, here, maketh whole.

To reach out and touch—all quite tender—
The great throbbing heart of mankind,
And constantly prove
That all Nature is love—
This the loftiest work Love can find.

OKOLONA CHAPTER.

To the National United Daughters of the Confederacy.
Greeting, daughters of the Southland,
Who meet and mourn to-day,
And commemorate the heroes
Who fell while in the fray.

Greeting, fair Confederate sisters
Of a sacred cause, and dear;
We send you love, well wishes,
God speed, and goodly cheer.

We clasp your hands in kindness,
We bless your faces bright,
And heart to heart we meet you—
We, too, have fought the fight.
Where Forrest led in battle,
Where our flag no longer waves—
By this burg a thousand brave ones
Lie in their lonely graves.

And we're striving, daily striving,
Amid our many needs,
In stone to fitting honor
The dead and all their deeds,
'Tis this we willing work for,
For this we wish and wait,
But, toiling, we forget not
Our sisters of the State.

For we are bound together
By the strongest cause and ties
That ever linked the loyal
Beneath the Southern skies.
Aye, our hearts are in the action,
Our souls are in the trust,
And we'll work and win together
Till dust returns to dust.

Again we give you greeting,
And our sorrow, friends, is great,
With the U. D. C.'s thus gathered,
To not participate.
Our love and prayers are wafted
To all our sisters true;
A happy, helpful meeting,
Is our heartfelt wish for you.

I LOVE BUT YOU.

Thro' all the irksome hours of care,
Thro' hours of pain and hours of prayer,
From misty morn till dark'ning day,
These are the words I say and say—
I love but you.

When all is life and light and love,
When earth is blest with joys above,
When smiles and praise and triumphs mine,
Still says my heart this truth divine—
I love but you.

And may it evermore thus be—
So long as life is spared to me,
So long as answers soul to soul,
Still may these words in rapture roll—
I love but you.

SOUL OF MY SOUL.

Are you somewhere out in the great Unknown,
Whither your restless spirit has flown—
Where, all unfettered, your eager soul
In soaring, at last, has reached its goal?
Ah, the happiness 'mid that holy light,
To follow still your great soul-flight!

Could I but follow from star to star,
Or watch your spirit, O Love, afar,
All the ransomed dead 'round the great white Throne
Were not as joyous as I alone;
For my wish, and my song, and my ceaseless prayer
Is to be with you in the Everywhere.

O SUMMER SEA!

The sea again doth sign to all
And wistfully its wild waves call:
 O summer sea
 You beck to me
 And answer I all eagerly—
I come, I come unto your call.

And reaching brisk your briny brim,
The joyous tears my eyes endim,
 And myriad thought
 Anew has wrought
 The dreams your breakers ever brought
Of earth and Heaven, Man and Him.

O sun-kissed, wind-kissed, cloud-kissed sea,
Why all these moans and mystery?
 Is it for all the wrecks below,
 The drowning wails and wails of woe,
 The death-knells none but you can know,
Or for the wrecks that are to be?

O Sea reposeful, find I rest
Upon your sympathetic breast;
 O summer sea,
 O whispering sea,
 How much you comfort, comfort me,
How much one being have you blest!

O Sea, you soothe the hungry heart,
To hopeless souls new hope impart;
 O Sea divine,
 O friend of mine,
 Your boundless love doth e'er combine
The heavenly with the human heart.

WRITE ME A LETTER TO-NIGHT.

To the Traveling Salesmen.

At last, and the dull day is ended;
 I'm weary, both body and mind,
And here in a room of the lodging
 Myself and my baggage I find,

With only a flickering fire-log,
With only a dim, dreary light;
No welcome awaits here my coming—
Then write me a letter to-night.

All day I have struggled and toiled, dear,
For you and the babies and right,
And perhaps you will never quite know, dear,
How hard is this battle to fight.
And here in this chill, gloomy chamber,
So lacking in comfort and cheer,
I'm sitting cast-down and despondent;
For—not even a letter was here.

All day when my spirits were flagging,
And my courage seemed nearly to fail,
I would think of the joy of the evening
When making the place of the mail;
Then vanished, as mist, all the hardships,
And my heart grew all hopeful and light
Just from looking for one of your letters—
The letter you failed, dear, to write.

Ah, me! if you only could know, dear,
How I look and I long for a line—
How much it would lighten the labor—
You'd write it, I'm sure, sweetheart mine.
But think not I'm cross and complaining;
It isn't just that I would say,
For I'd willingly work for the babies
And you all the night and the day.

But life "on the road" isn't always
A circuit of fortune and fun;
It isn't the thing we had planned it
And pictured, before we begun;
For many's the time we make merry
When the heart's in the heaviest plight,
And we stand sore in need of some help-word—
Then—write me a letter to-night.

It isn't as easy as might be,
This "making" of towns and of trains;
And we're not always met with a welcome,
Nor always repaid for our pains;
But each, after all, has his share, dear,
And some day it's sure to end right;
So I turn my thoughts tenderly homeward
As I long for a letter to-night.

And I sit here and picture the wee ones
As they cozily cluster around,
Each one at his play and his prattle,
Till I almost can hear e'en the sound;
And I think of my little wife-sweetheart,
So true and so bonny and bright,
Till my heart overflows, and I falter—
O write me a letter to-night.

AT REST.

Lovingly she's laid to rest,
With the righteous and the blest,
And she murmured this anew—
Words so trusting, grand and true:—
“ Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

Life with all its countless cares,
With its burdens each one bears;
Life with all its hopes and fears,
Crushing heartaches, cruel tears,
All of these have taken wing:—
“ Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

Peace and comfort were her ways,
And each grieving heart she'd raise
From its deep, desponding gloom,
Making for the light more room,
And in accents sweetly sing:—
“ Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

In her words much wisdom dwelt,
And her counsel e'er was felt
E'en to be the noblest, best,
Till the troubled mind found rest:
None her presence ever sought,
But 'twas left with better thought;
Still the burden she would bring—
“ Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

Ne'er a truer friend was found,
Gentle, kind to all around,
Cheering all with words of love,
Teaching all to look above,
As she'd daily pray and sing—
“Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

In the Christ-like way she walked
And of Him so touching talked
That the honest eyes grew dim,
And all hearts went out to Him;
Aye! she loved to softly sing—
“Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

Can we e'er forget that voice
That made many hearts rejoice?
Sympathetic, soft and low,
Just as those, who loved her, know;
Yet that worth has taken wing:—
“Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

Sighs and suffering now are o'er,
Pain and parting come no more;
And that soul, so pure and bright,
Rests where never comes the night,
And the angels with her sing—
“Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

Three young heads bowed together
Over a new-bought book ;
Three pairs of eyes exchanging
Love in their every look—
One manly youth and two maidens
Facing life's fair, sunny side,
With never a thought of the future—
Content to thus ever abide.

Yet, two were long-promised lovers—
Pledged till their earth-lives should end—
Bess, with the bright eyes of azure,
While th' dark-eyed Floy was their friend.
The sun dropped low in the westward,
The volume in silence fell,
While over the three young heart-lives
There gathered the twilight-spell.

The dark-browed girl sought the shadows,
That the lovers might be alone,
Her heart, all the while, amoaning
In a piteous undertone.
None knew of the daily struggle
Within that fair, girlish breast ;
None knew the strength of the passion
That caused her this vague unrest ;
And little of this recked the lovers,
Lost in that dream-like spell ;
As Max, in his thrilling measures,
Began to fair Bess to tell—

“When we two are thus together
It is all the world to me,
It is all of earth or of heaven
That ever I wish to see.”
She smiled in her way so winsome
And raised the bluest of eyes,
As she murmured fond words, that faltered
And sunk into soft-drawn sighs.
O voice, so saint-like and subtle,
O smile, the offspring of art—
'Twas woman's form and her features,
Yet naught but a siren's heart.
Scarce had her soft vows vanished,
Scarce had her sweet smiles died
Ere burst a storm-cloud of slander
On him who wooed by her side.

O false heart, that glowed and glittered
While fortune's fair sun shone,
In the dark-robed hour of his anguish
Left him to bear it alone;
And turned to another lover—
The summer days to beguile,
Who should sink 'neath th' azure glances,
And the light, alluring smile.

While Max, the manly, who loved her
With the tenderest love of youth,
Bore with his burden most bravely,
E'en seeking still for some truth.
With none to lighten the heart-cross
Save her—the earnest-sweet Floy,

Who to the hopeless was ever
Wont to bring solace and joy—
She silently soothed his great sorrow,
In sympathy wound his sore heart,
As he moaned o'er his wrongs, and the falseness
Of woman—the acme of art—

“ Oh! why are the pleasures most earnestly sought
The surest to flicker and flee?—
The hopes that are dearest within every heart
Are destined—never to be!
You tell me that Talent should stifle the cries
That heave from the depths of my heart,
That the fruits of Ambition should quietly quell
E'en than this, a deadlier smart;
You tell me to turn to the comforts of Fame—
O Fame, I would call ye a curse!
I would not give the love of one true heart,
For all the fame in the universe.

But now have I found one womanly soul
That is true as steel to its trust,
And low at her shrine do I silently bow
As I bury the Past in its dust,
And a dark pair of eyes beam down on my dreams,
And are beaming anew when I wake;
So I feel they will shine thro' the dreariest days—
Forever shine on—for my sake,
And a new life of love ariseth anear—
O happiest, holiest love—
That shall circle me here in its blissful embrace,
And live on forever above!”

THE FATED CROSS.

I'm thinking to-night of a star-land strange—
Of a beautiful vision that once was mine,
Where hearts grew olden with scarce a change,
With never a note their lives to estrange,
And living was life divine.

But a glorious lot like this was wrought
In the realms of fancy, and there alone,
For when as a flash came reality's thought,
I found that the dream that the death-spell brought,
Had suddenly, surely flown.

And the cross—the heart-piercing steel was still there—
The cross that for cycles my life had borne,
The cross that my life seemed branded to bear,
That burdened me hourly and everywhere,
Till each heart-nerve was quivering and torn.

And I wistfully wailed o'er my dark-bound doom,
And crying out in my deep despair—
O, visions! fair-vestured, avaunt in gloom!
Go back where celestial beauties bloom,
Nor torture with wonders fair.

Then over my eyes a drowsiness crept,
And suddenly came a chill, soundless shock—
I knew not why, but I wailed and wept,
Till the spell had passed and I steadily stepped
From the shades of this grief-gloomed rock.

And changed, wholly changed, was my lightless lot—
A rich, restful radiance hung o'er my heart—
The woe-painted past was strangely forgot,
And I fondly felt that the black-cross blot
From my life was torn apart.

Oh, the glory of living one bright-winged day!
From my gnawing gyves to be free, oh, free!—
It seemed e'en too strange—too blissful to stay,
Yet I plead in the shine and the sphere-light gray,
That oh! it might always be.

But I looked again—and then shuddering turned;
Ah! the scene had changed and gone was its gloss,
And the steel, full fiercely it bound and it burned,
Till my life-light died, and I, soul-sick, learned
That mine was the Fated Cross.

IN REMEMBRANCE.

The winter's snows have come and gone—
Gone in their silent rest,
And April, with her sunny showers,
Is now old Winter's guest;
And all the brilliant buds of May
Have blossomed into June,
While honey-bee and humming-bird
Are waking one glad tune.

And so, my friend, is left with you—
In your most gracious prime—
Another year—the deep imprint
Of stern, old stately Time,
Who, in his ever onward march,
Knows naught of forms and fears,
But tramples o'er the days and months
And buries manhood's years.

Perchance he, too, doth bury dreams
That once illumined life,
But now lie silent in the tomb—
The tomb of worldly strife.
Is not the history of each heart
Oft steeped in wearing woe,
And, as the years creep slowly on,
Does it not greater grow?

Nor find we one with hope untorn,
Tho' seems he gay and glad;
Then wonder not that man doth mourn,
Nor wonder that he's sad.

Alas! 'tis ever thus with life,
And thus with you may be;
For when we seem some good to grasp
'Tis surest then to flee;
As wild-flowers into garlands twined
Will quickly withered lie,
So e'en the fairest dreams we weave
Will soonest fade and die.

Yet, still we hope, and still we dream,
As year slow follows year,
And seems a care for every joy,
For every smile a tear;
Aye, so it is; but then, my friend—
Tho' strange it sound the while—
Remember for each care's a joy,
And for each tear—a smile.

TO SOME ONE.

Oh! 'tis nature to keep wishing
That a well-known form were near,
And a low, low voice close beside me,
That I now no longer hear;
And the hand that e'er caresses
When I'm passing to and fro—
Ah! 'tis hard to silent sit here
And to see him from me go.

Oh, how lost I feel, and lonely!
And an empty, hollow ring—
As I tend each daily duty—
Seems to sound from everything;
And a low voice keeps repeating
In a mournful monotone—
“He is missing, missing, missing;”
And I answer: Aye, he's gone.

And I wonder in my heart-depths—
As I've wondered oft before—
Will this ceaseless hunger haunt me
Till it wears away the core?
Will this longing for this "some one,"
By its own supreme control,
In the end consume all forces
And so cease to fill the soul.

Well, perhaps, 'twere better for us
Thus to have the feelings crushed;
Then the hopeless, hidden heartaches
Would forever-more be hushed.

Did it, friends, e'er strike your fancy,
When you're in a thoughtful way,
That the most despondent feelings
Soon must wear themselves away?
And before we've time to wonder,
Or to ask the reason why,
We are in the mood for laughing,
When we thought we'd surely cry.

After all old Madame Nature
(Tho' we'd like to end her days
When we're feeling cross and fretful)
Has some wise and winsome ways;
Tho' she gets us into trouble,
Still she ever helps us out,
And I'm sure we feel much better
When she's turned us thus about.

So I find myself quite tranquil,
And have sung my woes to sleep,
Where I'll leave them—as I softly
To the curtained window creep;
And once more—just once—I'll peer out
Down the moonlit length of space;
Still I find I'm wishing, wishing
To of "some one" see the face.

LOVE'S MISTAKE.

Farewell, O Love! thy chanting spell
No more shall round me cling;
Thy honey'd wiles and heavenly smiles
To passing winds I fling.

'Tis said thou art a goodly gift
That from the angels fell;
But of thy stings and gilded wings
I know the woes too well.

So Love, away! and with thy wiles
O never more me seek,
Lest, if again you give me pain—
More plainly I should speak.

A FAREWELL.

Ah! sadly the breezes now whisper you're going
Far off from the scene of your sorrow and wrongs,
To a home where the mute Mississippi is flowing
Whose silence will soothe, as the sweetest of songs.

Then, bury your heartache and bury your sorrow
'Neath the waters that wind to the dark, throbbing deep,
And Hope will soon smile on the cares of the morrow
While softly you sigh on the bosom of sleep.

May the angels of life, in starry-white numbers,
Keep watch o'er your soul from their haven of blue;
With the brightest of dreams illumine your slumbers,
And, may all your dreamings be tenderly true.

May the hopes of your heart be life-long and lasting;
Your glorious deeds flood the world with their fame;
Though Time e'er his shadows in envy is casting
May unfading laurels enwreath your fair name!

Then fly o'er the waters and fling away sorrow,
And live for the joy of a fair future day;
For, one far away, will long and will languish,
And watch for the end of your wearisome stay.

THE ORPHAN CHILD.

Along the dark and dismal street,
With frosty hair and snow-shod feet,
A little child with soft, sad eyes
The chilling blast to conquer tries.

Scarce summers six had flitted o'er
The tender innocent, before
The cruel monster—darksome Death—
Despoiled a loving mother's breath.

With none to soothe her throbbing head,
No gentle voice, no downy bed ;
But out into the darkness hurled
Against a selfish, soulless world.

Thro' weary days of countless score
She begs her bread from door to door,
And with a sad, imploring gaze
Before each frowning mansion stays.

O, man, wilt thou not pity show
To helpless humans stricken low?
In mercy lend a helping hand
To bless the outcasts of the land?

O, friendly stars, list while I pray ;
Will ye not send one shining ray
To light somewhat the ghastly gloom
That leads the orphan to the tomb?

But thou, O Father, thou alone
Wilt care for this poor orphan's moan.
O, tender Parent, mercy shed
In pity 'round each homeless head.

And when the spirit wings its flight
To thy own dazzling realms of light,
Oh, clasp it in thy kindly arm,
Where none the orphan child can harm.

THE FLOODS.

Destruction reigns o'er all the land,
And shrouds the blue-eyed sky;
While all upon the green-hued sward
Seems doomed to gasp and die.

The winds and waters wage a war,
The thunders loudly roar,
The lightning flashes to and fro
And tragic torrents pour.

And merciless in madness falls
The rock-resounding hail;
While hundreds shudder at the sound,
And wildly weep and wail.

Has Nature had some deadly wound
Dealt unto her fair brow,
That thus she raises high in wrath
And bids mankind to bow?

O Nature, in your smiling sheen
How glorious to see!
But when your smile is changed to scorn
How ghastly you can be!

NOTHING TO DO.

Ha! See him so graceful and slender,
All garnished with jewels anew.
As he smiles in the joy of his splendor,
“See here! I have nothing to do!”

Yet, ere thrice a cycle had vanished,
A criminal his life current drew,
And his name, 'mid curses was banished,
Because—he had nothing to do.

She sits 'mid the velvety mazes
Of imperial purple's soft hue,
And points to the pinched, weary faces,
As she laughs—"I've nothing to do."
Why look they so pale and appallen?
What sound chills the soul-system through?
'Tis the last fearful groan of the fallen:—
Alas! She had nothing to do.

Ah! Better a long life of sorrow;
Better the frowns of a few;
Or, better a grave on the morrow,
Than a life with nothing to do.
Better a dot in the distance,
Lost in the search of the true;
Aye, better ne'er know this existence
Than know it—with nothing to do.

THE FUNERAL DOG.

(The "Funeral Dog" was at one time a well-known "Character" of Lexington, Ky., and of his faithfulness the following lines are but a faint portrayal.)

Day was flickering, faintly dying,
Lingering shadows 'round were lying,
As alone, enwrapt in vision,
Wandered I where dream the dead;

When I caught a distant groaning,
That anon sunk into moaning,
As of some lost soul atoning
 For the evil done and said;
This is nothing more than fancy,
 Scarcely listening, soon I said,
 “Just my fancy, truant led.”

So where plaintive pines were wailing,
Where the willow boughs were trailing,
 And the cedars sung a requiem,
 Still I lingered lost in thought;
When the sounds of grief grew deeper,
And I said, “Sure ’tis some weeper
Wailing for a wakeless sleeper,
 Not my fancy overwrought;
I will seek this lonely mourner,
 As before I should have sought:
 ’Tis a life with misery fraught.”

Near a mound of myrtle, turning,
With the hope of something learning
 Of the cause that broke my quiet
 As was drifting out the day,
There a sight my heart set aching,
For the sounds the silence breaking,
And methought some lost soul making
 Whom great evil led astray,
By an ill-wrought beast were uttered,
 As beside a grave he lay—
 Just a dog there moaning lay.

Could it be that this poor creature,
Gaunt of form and grim of feature,
 Could it be that he was grieving
 For some human form below?
Was it true that here where slumber
Forms and forms, defying number,
None the grave-grass should encumber,
 Save a beast, heart-wrung with woe?
Then a sudden thought came o'er me:
 "I to comfort him will go—
 I will soothe him in his woe."

Somewhat nearer then approaching,
On the new-made mound encroaching,
 "Come," I said, "thou more than human—
 Human heart, if not the guise—
Come with me; I will befriend thee,
To thy home and kind will send thee;
And my sympathy will tend thee,
 Come, though here thy master lies!
Or mistake I, some loved master
 Low beneath this earth-bank lies?
Tell me all, and cease thy cries."

Then the first time on me turning
Eyes whose light was dimly burning,
 Straight he rose and slowly followed—
 Followed to my dwelling door;
Crouched in silence, naught revealing,
Till his eyes, fixed on me, feeling,
In their anguish seemed appealing

For some comfort yet in store ;
That, perchance, I felt the meaning
That they mutely did outpour :—
“ Will it thus be evermore ? ”

“ Will it thus be, aye, forever,
And, though searching, find I never
That proud, princely lord and master,
Whom I've watched for o'er and o'er ?
Asketh was he poor, forsaken ?
Ah ! thy thought, how much mistaken !
He the world was wont to waken
With his words, and name he bore.
Knowest where that soul of grandeur ?—
Where that form I must adore ?
Are we parted evermore ?

“ Years and years ago he found me,
When the winter's depths enwound me,
Found and fed, and oft caressing,
Placed me on his study floor.
People called him gloomy—hating
Wiles the baser world elating ;
But a smile for me was waiting
As I watched him from the floor,
And (with me, his one companion)
Read, recited volumes o'er :—
Would it last forevermore !

“ But one day he sudden left me,
Of my master men bereft me ;

In a great procession placed him,
And he came with smiles no more,
Did a promise somewhere bind him?
Thus methought I still must find him,
Then, perchance, I could remind him
I was faithful as before.
So again I forth must wander,
Heart-worn, weary, and heart-sore
I shall seek him evermore."

And he's plodding, lonely, lonely,
Filled with grief that he knows only,
Seeking 'mid each sad procession
For a face he sees no more.
Must it be that such devotion
Of the soul-life has no portion?
That when ceases heart-throb motion
Naught but dust is in the core?
That a grand, true-hearted Master
Has no corner held in store
In that hidden Evermore?

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Slowly, ah, slowly!
Lay him down with the lowly—
The Prince for whom nation on nation doth mourn,
A star from the French, and Napoleons is missing,

Again is the tri-color trampled and torn.

And we mourn, oh, we mourn!
As slowly, ah, slowly,
He is laid with the lowly.

Blindly, oh, blindly!
Though cautioned so kindly,
The land of the Britons, he left far behind,
And deep in the heart of the African jungles,
He warred with the foemen of cultured mankind.
So dauntlessly daring, on, on, without fearing,
Went he all blindly,
Though cautioned so kindly.

Missing, ah, missing!
The Zulus were hissing,
And soon the wild echo each Englishman thrilled,
And sorrowing sadness gloomed all of their gladness,
For the fearless French brother whose life-blood was spilled.
With woe we are filled
For the blood that was spilled,
And missing, still missing,
The foemen are hissing.

Tolling, ah, tolling!
The life-tide is rolling
Far into the space where the star-circles shine,
And from their white orbits the great-souled Napoleon
Looks down on the shrouded—the last of his line.
We repine, ah, repine!
As tolling, ah, tolling!
The life-tide is rolling

Wailing, ah, wailing!—

But nothing availing—

Are the soul sombre inmates of Camden House Hall;
Yet comfort was left, from the lost, to the living,
For a prayer, full of trust, crowned the Prince-soldier's pall.
Hope ye all, hope ye all,
Who're wailing, ah, wailing!
In Camden House Hall.

INEEN.

Strangely a whisper was started,
Faintly it fell on the ear,
Filling the dire and the dauntless
With a nameless feeling of fear.
'Twas the march of a merciless monster
Thro' the regions far Southward seen—
A region of soft skies and summer,
Where a beautiful maiden was queen,—
But nothing knew she of the Fever,
This beautiful maiden—Ineen.

Hourly the people wore wilder
As nearer and nearer he drew,
As the fair, the frail and the fearless
This soul-freeing scourger slew.
But never a sound reached the ruler,
All smiling, as summer, were seen,
For their doubts and dread 'mid the danger
Were all for their idol Ineen,—
Sought nothing for self 'mid the danger,
All thought of their idol Ineen.

Love was the light of the eve time,
Love was the light of the day,
And thro' this luminous love-land
The queen was the white-center-ray.
There worshiped the lord and the lowly,
At this shrine of a golden sheen,—
At the pure sun-soul of the image—
The fair, living image—Ineen,
All of the people there worshiped—
At the shrine of the peerless Ineen.

Evening was softly descending,
And gloomily gathered amain,
Close 'round the fairy-formed maiden,
Awaiting her gorgeous train—
When a shadow came creeping—slow creeping
And hissed with a fearful sneer,
“Ineen, see the Deathly Demon!
The day of your doom is near,
No need to shrink from the Demon—
For he's near, Ineen, he is near.”

Little she heeded the warning
Sounded so sudden and shrill,
Coming, he might, as a courtier,
But never coming to kill,
For was she not fresh as the morning?
And was she not goddess and queen
Of a grandly glorious kingdom—
This beautiful being Ineen?
The star-eyed stay of a kingdom,
This beautiful being Ineen?

Night faded into the morning,
And hope lightly pressed every heart,
When echoed a shriek thro' the palace
That caused e'en the stoutest to start;
And there, in the glitter and gladness
The shade of the Demon was seen,
And, as night into morning had faded,
So faded their angel Ineen,—
As day passes into the darkness,
So passed their bright angel Ineen.

IN MEMORIAM.

L. Q. C. LAMAR.

Missing! moans sad Mississippi:—
She, who was his foster State—
Missing from the field of action,
He the glorious and the great.
Loved Lamar! our guide and guardian,
He the brightest and the best
Of the bright stars 'mong our statesmen,
He, the honored, is at rest.

Missing! sigh the Press and people,
He, our faithful, life-long friend,
And no more that voice of magic
Will our hearts and homes defend.

Champion of all goodly measures!
For your light we long will yearn:
Missing is a friend and brother,
Missing at our every turn.

Missing! knells the sorrowed Nation,
Missing is a master mind,
And from ranks of sage and statesman
Where his equal will we find?
North and South together mourn him,
East and West enmingle tears;
For the Nation, whom he honored,
Honors him—one of her peers.

Missing! sob the lonely loved ones,
He, the soul of all our songs,
He, the sharer of our sorrows,
He, the righter of our wrongs.
Without sign, or word, or warning,
Suddenly his soul took wing,
And a voice is ever missing
When our saddened hearts would sing.

Missing, aye, forever missing!
He, the wise, the good, the great,
With no stain upon his soul-life,
With no stain upon his State.
Great was he in each endeavor,
Great while living, great when dead,
Great for aye; with endless honors
Twined and heaped upon his head.

ETERNAL REST.

Another gone! in manhood's grace
The death-winds sigh'd and o'er him stole,
A heavenly light fell on his face,
The angels by him took their place
Then heavenward soar'd blest with a soul.

Another weary watch is o'er,
The burthen'd brain is laid to rest,
And he, who Christ's white cross upbore,
And watchfully God's armor wore
Is singing anthems with the blest.

His earnest prayer—thro' day and night—
While at his work to faint and fall,
Was answered; for, within the light
That glorified his bravest fight,
While standing victor—came the call.

His life was given for the Cause
He loved and labor'd for full well;
He strove to rectify the flaws
That man has made in Holy Laws,
Nor paus'd, nor falter'd—till he fell.

Oft, oft, in anguish, would he say:
“How many I have caus'd to plod
The sinful, darksome, deathly way?”
But, for each soul he turn'd astray,
He led a hundred unto God.

Oft-times his eloquence found flight,
And wing'd its way to touch the stars ;
And, in his look oft came a light
As if inspir'd ; and just in sight
Of Heaven's bright gate of golden bars.

Come ! strew the flowers, upon his mound,
The fairest, purest, brightest, best ;
For ne'er more faithful will be found
Than he, whose form is 'neath the ground—
Whose soul is in Eternal Rest.

THE WHIPS AND SCORNS OF TIME.

(Graduating essay, read at Franklin Institute, Ky., June 22, 1876.)

Forever on with ceaseless roll
As moves thro' space the passing soul,
So swiftly, yet in majesty
Doth Time, the hoary monarch flee.
Remote we trace his sturdy tread
Strewn with the dying and the dead,
Back to the early days of man
When first his struggling life began ;
Back to the weird and mystic fold
That close enshrouds those days of old
When all the earth an Eden glow'd,
Where streams of crystal brightness flow'd
Along the boundless mead of flowers
That sparkled in the dewy showers,

Thus spreading far o'er sea and sky
A sweetly perfumed canopy:—
Where merry songsters night and day
Fill'd all the air with thrilling lay.
Where murmuring zephyrs whispered low
Above this matchless garden's glow.
'Twas there in beauteous nature's prime
That first appeared the cycle—Time.

He came with warlike, fierce career
That thrilled the human heart with fear.
For foes there are whose boasted powers
Can stand but for the passing hours,
This foe, alas! tho' unreveal'd,
Is one 'gainst whom there is no shield,
Unseen, yet felt, by shrinking man
Throughout this life's eventful span.
Time's ravages we lightly trace
In song of fabled Muse and Grace,
They tell us of those treasures rare
That perfumed Eden's balmy air,
Where, as some scorching desert fire
Came on its path destructive dire:—
Aye, ruin came, but could not quell
The hero of whose scorns we tell.
Still onward with Herculean force
He stately treads his earthly course.

Of ancient days that poets sing
Round with strange mystic drap'ries cling
From gifted Homer's lofty themes
We weave bright pictures in our dreams.

Proud Greece her banner swift unfurls
As Time her glories onward hurls;
'Tis studded with the wise and great
That nobly honored Athens' State:—
But Grecian grandeur long is flown—
A stranger king is on her throne.

Around the crumbling walls of Rome,
Where Tiber's waters madly foam,
Are seen the cruel whips of Time
Destroying greatness in its prime.
Her ruined stones of Gothic mold
Her vanished honors doth unfold;
They lie in dark, confusèd heap
To mark the ground where heroes sleep.
This once proud empress of the land
The scorns of time doth grimly brand,—
In dust he writes the slow decay
Of Rome—the wonder of her day.

Yes, Time has seen the rise and fall
Of greatest nations, one and all,
Of every monarch, every race
That history's pages doth embrace;
Has seen the green Italian shore
Besprinkled with the Goth's red gore;
The sunny land of suffering Spain
O'errun with warlike Moorish train,
Has smiled upon the woes of France
When by the striking of a lance
Hath fall'n a king beloved by all
And draped in gloom the palace hall.

Ah, yes, has Time, the hero, view'd
The warlike age of Saxon feud,
When Briton's sons in accents proud
Proclaimed their Norman wrongs aloud,
And fought with desp'rate strength and might
To save their homes from conq'ror's right;
But sad, alas! the sequel came—
The Norman crushed the Saxon name.

Those magic days of hidden lore
Our poets sing, as bards of yore,
Again we see, or seem to see
The love-lorn days of chivalry:
Then gallant lords of every clime,
Espoused the cause in darksome time
Of their own lawful monarch's right,
Displaying valor, strength and might,
With knightly tenderness and care
They faithful watched the young and fair,
When threatening danger o'er them hung
Their massive weapons round them flung.
Each champion brave, had lady-love,
Who bright as angel form above,
Reigned chosen queen within his heart
When loved they near or loved apart;
And this the law of chivalry
That on the wings of time did flee.
Awake, O dreamer! ah! alas!
The sweetest visions soon must pass:
Reflect upon the present scene—
Think what America has been!

As life-like pictures come to view
Behold her laurels waving true
Above the brows of freemen brave,
Who nobly fought their homes to save
From horrors of the fiery brands—
Red gauntlets thrown from coward hands
That threatened life, or e'en to make
Their bending forms and heart-strings break.
But no! those hearts so bold and warm
Repelled them in the battles' storm;
And when the thunder, fire and smoke
Above the battle-field had broke
On high arose the gladsome cry
For "Washington and victory."

A hundred years have rolled away
Since dawned that bright, triumphant day
When freedom's sun in splendor rose
And proudly shone above his foes.
Time kindly smooths those heroes' graves
O'er which the guardian wild-flow'r waves
He, of their valor, leaves no trace
And of their glories leaves no grace,
Save storied legends of the few
Old veterans to their comrades true,
And this fair land of liberty
That foreign foes will ne'er defy!

Still on and on with measured tread
Where gushing fountains in their bed
Once broke upon the craggy stones
That marked some giant's mouldering bones,

Where regal forests grandly threw
A curtain o'er the violets blue,
O'er sunny hill, secluded vale,
O'er ruins by the moonlight pale
Glides time, and trails his gloomy path
With whips and scorns—Oh, quenchless wrath!
Is there among the maidens fair
Who grace this planet everywhere,
Among the youths of noble mien,
This serpent's fangs, who have not seen?
Or felt the griefs and tearful woes
That follow where his venom goes?
Is there a face, however bright,
How wreathed in smiles of love and light
But, in a dimly clouded hour,
Has felt as some poor trampled flower,
With not a friend to cheer or guide—
Forsaken, scorned on every side,
And thus on some ill-fated day
Has faded, drooped and passed away?
'Tis thus the gallant and the great,
If born of high or low estate:—
'Tis thus the aged and the young
May hear their doleful requiem sung,—
May hear the death-knell solemn toll
A farewell to the parting soul.
Oh, thus great Time has ever been
Recorder of deep grief and sin,
And thus he ne'er will cease to be
Till merged into Eternity.

As round upon the youthful forms,
Who know so few of life's dark storms,
I look with dimmed and moistened eye
And feel my heart throb quick and high,
I think how Time will change the scene—
I peer behind his mystic screen—
And think how faces, now so bright,
Will lose their merry, gladsome light;
How forms that walk erect to-day
Will lose their grace, be old and gray;
How cheerful hearts will heavy grow
While bearing all life's weight of woe.

And is this opening to my view
A page of life that's wholly new?
Will all thus strangely pass away
And be forgot in one short day?
Oh, Time! it makes my burden'd soul
Cry out beyond my stern control
To know, perhaps, in one fleet year
So many faces smiling near
May shed their light in distant lands
Away from faithful hearts and hands;
And some—forbid it gracious God!
May calmly sleep beneath the sod.
And is it true, when round we look
On faces stamped in Time's great book,—
Can it be true, that each calm brow
That beams with kindly lustre now

Will soon have slipped this mortal coil—
Have left this gloomy vale of toil!
And hearts thus bound by smiles and tears
Be rent asunder with the years?

Oh, Hamlet! when thy crazed brain
All racked with ceaseless wrongs and pain
Bewailed in stern soliloquy
Of life—"to be or not to be,"
And thus in grand and measured rhyme
Deep cursed the "whips and scorns of time;"
Thou to a speech did then give birth
That echoing through the clouds of earth
At last did'st reach undimmed above
The mercy seat of angel's love,
Who pitied thee and quenched the fire,
That burned thy soul for murdered sire,
And sent a star of their bright band
To welcome thee to Summer-Land.

O potent Time! I gently pray
That in the future dawning day
Thou wilt some gleams of mercy show
To all who linger here, below:
Let earth's fair bosom ever be
Blest with sweet peace and purity,
May Heaven o'er each devoted head
Its star-bespangled curtain spread,
And let its light fall soft and still
O'er mead and fountain, vale and hill.

Great Time, kind Time, I softly pray
To spare our halls and mansions gray
And let them stand in lofty pride
As on thy ceaseless footsteps glide.
Oh, let us faint and lightly trace
Thy furrow'd lines on Love's sweet face;
And spare awhile the cherished friend
Who to the hours sweet graces lend.
But soon must come the sad farewell,
How sad, our burning tears shall tell,
Each spirit free will soar on high
To shining spheres beyond the sky,
And then—oh, throbbing heart be still!
All, all, with sweetest music thrill,
And 'mong this angel chorus blest
Tired, conquered Time shall ever rest.

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